

Dr. Donnell

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The Leading Features of this number are:

Marion Harland's "Judith" (illustrated).

"The Landlord's Saturday Night"—A Summer Resort Comedy. By H. C. Faulkner (illustrated).

"Sharks and Leviathans of the Great Lakes." By G. A. Stockwell.

Helen Campbell's "What-to-Do Club," for Girls.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1883.

Whole No. 76.



"THE DEFEATED LEADER CLUNG TO THE LAST SHRED OF OFFICIAL POMP."

JUDITH: A CHRONICLE OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Common Sense in the Household," "Eve's Daughters," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

AUNT MARIA went up to our room with me that night as she often did. She was grave and gentle in look and speech. Uncle Archie was troubled about "business," she stated, and did not feel like talking. Grandma had a headache. I must remember in my prayers all who were in distress of any kind, then go to sleep like a dear, good child. She laid a long kiss on my lips when I was in bed. I could have been sure there were tears in her sweet eyes, but durst ask no questions. Family discipline of the mildest type then in practice taught children at least when *not* to speak.

Next morning, after breakfast, Mammy summoned me to "the chamber." Grandma had not appeared at the breakfast-table. She was dressed as usual, but lay back in the great chair she seldom used when in tolerable health, and looked wan and sad. After kissing me, she pointed to her footstool as my seat, and as Mammy was going out called her back.

"Stay here, 'Ritta! I have nothing to say to the child that you may not hear."

The maid obeyed without speaking, and took her stand behind her mistress' chair, one hand on the high back, her eyes downcast, her visage still and melancholy.

Then and thus my grandmother told me the story Captain Macon had ridden over to communicate the preceding day, but which he adjudged fit for men's ears only—the account of what has the bad notoriety of being the one partially-successful insurrection of the Southern slaves against their masters, among the very few that were definitely planned, the many suggested by mischief-makers not of their race and dreamed of by embryo demagogues of their own color.

Nat Turner, the petted slave of a planter in Southampton County, in southeastern Virginia, had imbibed at an early age the idea that he was divinely appointed to some exalted mission. His silly mother, hearing her four-year-old boy narrate a trifling incident to a playmate, cried out in rapt surprise that it had happened before he was born, and he must be a prophet. His master took much and injudicious notice of the pert urchin, as he grew older, taught him to read and lent him books and newspapers. The lazy protégé, lounging on porches, hanging about political barbecues and waiting behind his master's chair at gentlemen's dinner-parties when wine and argument flowed freely, heard a rare medley of politics and religion, French infidelity and Calvinistic decrees. The fermentation of these elements disordered a brain never too well balanced, fired a train laid by vanity and ambition. He affected to receive revelations from Heaven, prayed long and loud and fasted ostentatiously, and soon became the soothsayer of the region. He muttered excitedly over his work and in solitude, and was reputed to be in familiar communication with unseen spirits. He predicted deaths, accidents, signs in the clouds and prodigies upon the earth. He had mysterious birth-marks on his chest, and captured and exhibited beetles stamped with cabalistic figures, turtles marked with his initials and crossed swords, and locusts with a big "W" wrought in the gossamer of their wings. All these tokens of the Divine purpose pointed to WAR as necessary and imminent.

"On the 12th of May, 1828," he said in his confession, "I heard a loud noise in the heavens, and the Spirit instantly appeared to me and said the serpent was loosened, and Christ had laid down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and that I should take it on and fight against the serpent, for the time was fast approaching when the first should be last and the last should be first—and by signs in the heavens that it would be made known to me when I should commence the great work, and until the first sign appeared I should conceal it from the knowledge of men."

Convinced according to his showing that the predicted war was to be one of races that should lower the first to the present level of the last, and elevate the last to the throne of the first, the yoke-bearer and leader zealously prepared the imaginations of his disciples for some mighty happening, the exact nature of which he might not as yet reveal. He denied himself everything except the meanest food, redoubled his prayers and voluntary mortifications of the flesh, moving among his fellows as one to whom Christ the Lord had relegated the work of final redemption of His saints and vengeance upon their enemies. He preached openly in the sight and hearing of the whites that he had received consecration directly from the Spirit, that he was Elijah, the harbinger of the Second Advent, the herald of the Year of Jubilee; John the Baptist risen from the dead, and crying in the wilderness of Southampton, "Repent! for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"

He, for one, had no personal wrongs to avenge. Like the famous "Uncle Jack" of Amelia County, of whom

Dr. Rice records, "He is, in many respects, the most remarkable man I ever knew," Nat Turner was regarded with prideful respect by the gentlemen of the neighborhood. His conventicles were tolerated by easy-going Episcopalians who readily conceded that their ancient and honorable service was not attractive to the lower orders, and encouraged by sects that received, at each sacramental feast, accessions to their church-rolls in "Turner's converts."

"My master was very kind to me and placed the greatest confidence in me," is his testimony. "In fact I had no cause to complain of his treatment to me."

This is a very temperate statement of the truth that he was a slave in little besides the name, working just when and where he pleased, and, especially in the long winter evenings, roaming from one plantation to another on what he and his lax and kindly employer regarded as his professional business—home-missionary labors. It may be assumed positively that he who was eventually to claim his master's property as his right, and his master's life as the forfeit paid by the tyrant to the oppressed, never, in the course of his existence of thirty-one years, half earned a decent livelihood. If he had been dependent upon his own exertions he must have starved in a climate where light labor brings in plentiful returns of harvest, and wild fruit is abundant.

In February, 1831, the promised sign appeared—an eclipse of the sun—and to return to his own words, "the seal was removed from my lips."

"It was intended by us to have begun the work of death on the 4th of July last. Many were the plans formed and rejected by us, and it affected my mind to such a degree that I fell sick, and the time passed without our coming to any determination how to commence—still forming new schemes and rejecting them, when the sign appeared again which determined me to wait no longer."

The second heavenly sign was what a local historian denominates "the unnatural and extraordinary appearance of the sun at that particular period."

Turner lost not an hour in availing himself of the wildly-excited fancies of his satellites. Seven ringleaders met in the woods at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, August 21, to hold a solemn feast preparatory to the bloody sacrifice in the name of Freedom. To this dinner, "Hark," Nat reports, "brought a pig, and Henry brandy." The seventh man had not been present at previous conferences, and was challenged by the prophet in this manner:

"I saluted them on coming up, and asked Will how he came there."

"He answered that his life was worth no more than others, and his liberty as dear to him."

"I asked him if he thought to obtain it."

"He said he would or lose his life."

"This was enough to put him in full confidence."

The bold realism of the confession is the more revolting that the arch-conspirator's overweening conceit crops out in every paragraph, and the tragical details are given with a passionless triteness that shows by contrast Guiteau's "poor soul!" when alluding to the widow of his victim, as the breathings of tenderest humanity.

"It was quickly agreed that we should commence at home" (i.e., the house of Nat's master, Mr. Joseph Travis) "on that night, and until we had armed and equipped ourselves and gathered sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared (which was invariably adhered to). We remained at the feast until about two hours in the night, when we went to the house and

found Austin. They all went to the cider-press and drank except myself. On returning to the house, Hark went to the door with an axe, for the purpose of breaking it open, as we knew we were strong enough to murder the family if they were awakened by the noise; but reflecting that it might create an alarm in the neighborhood, we determined to enter the house secretly and murder them while sleeping. Hark got a ladder and set it against the chimney, on which I ascended and hoisted a window, entered and came down stairs, unbarred the door and removed the guns from their places. It was then observed that I must spill the first blood; on which, being armed with a hatchet and accompanied by Will, I entered my master's chamber. It being dark, I could not give a death-blow. The hatchet glanced from his head; he sprang from the bed and called his wife. It was his last word. Will laid him dead with a blow of the axe, and Mrs. Travis shared the same fate as she lay in bed.

"The murder of this family, five in number, was the work of a moment. Not one of them awoke. There was a little infant in a cradle that was forgotten until we had left the house and gone some distance, when Henry and Will returned and killed it."

Their numbers were augmented at each house they visited on the same bloody errand, until they were an armed and mounted gang of between fifty and sixty men. Before the marauders lay the peaceful homes of those who had known and liked and trusted them. Some of the sleeping men and women had partaken of the symbols of the slain body and shed blood of their common Lord and Master from the same pastor's hand year after year. Fellow-Christians, friends, foster-brothers and sisters, the baby at the breast and the bed-ridden grandmother, whose purblind eyes could not discern the face of him who cut her throat—all were stricken down without word and without mercy. At one house breakfast was just over, and a young girl, leading a pretty boy by the hand, stepped off the porch and tripped down the path to meet Nat Turner at the gate. He had ridden on to reconnoitre, leaving the gang concealed in a corn-field hard by. The young lady knew and greeted him cordially. The child cried out: "Uncle Nat! please give me a ride on your horse?" and held up his arms to be lifted into the saddle.

"Good morning, Miss Kitty," said Nat, alighting. "Is your brother at home?"

"Yes, but he is sick in bed. Will you go up and see him?"

Turner owned, somewhat shamefacedly, in prison that, as she smiled up at him and the boy clasped his leg, his heart failed him for a cowardly second. But he was set apart by the Spirit to the work. He dealt a blow for Freedom when he shot the girl through the heart and cleft the child's head with a broad-axe. His followers rushed forward pell-mell to dispatch the sick man, his mother and three beautiful sisters.

The carnival of blood reigned until the afternoon of Monday. Then, leaving behind a track bestrewn with fifty-five corpses, lying where they had fallen and with none to bury them, the band of liberators, collected by their chief into a caricature of a company of cavalry, and "carried," he said, with modest satisfaction, "through all the maneuvers I was master of," was drawn up in the open road and harangued from the words, "Beginning at Jerusalem." This was the name of the shire-town—"the Court House"—of Southampton County, a mere hamlet of about twenty dwellings clustering about the court-house, clerk's office, jail, a church and

two or three stores, in one of which was the post-office. This Turner proposed to make his head-quarters and the pivot of the rebellion. The white residents were first to be massacred, and it is said that he read as his warrant for the deed the twenty-second chapter of Ezekiel, the sequel of this strange service on which he had not scrupled to ask the Divine blessing. His auditors, drunken with brandy, cider and whisky from the rifled cellars of their butchered masters and lusting for farther carnage, hearkened with gloating senses to the fearful judgments pronounced against the princes who had destroyed souls for dishonest gain, the prophets who daubed with untempered mortar, saying, "Thus saith the Lord God," when the Lord hath not spoken; the people of the land who used oppression and exercised robbery and vexed the poor and needy.

All these, so they now heard from the lips of their Moses, were to be gathered "into the midst of Jerusalem, as they gather silver and brass and iron and lead and tin into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it to melt it." Not one doubted that the shabby little South Country village was in the mind of the Hebrew prophet when he wrote of the capital of "the land that is not cleansed."

When Turner returned the Bible to his pocket—the well-worn volume which he boasted in his condemned cell he spent his Sunday evenings in reading until he could repeat many chapters from memory—his followers raised a savage yell, and spurred down the road toward Jerusalem. The gallop became a run, the run a helter-skelter race, kept up in the dusty highway for four miles. It was a hurly-burly of devils—screeching, bellowing, psalm-singing as they dashed along, brandishing blood-stained scythes, pikes and axes, and now and then firing off a gun or pistol in their murderous glee. The stentorian voice of Turner, trained in prayer-meetings and exhortings, arose at intervals above the hubbub in shouted orders heeded by none. At a bend in the road the intoxicated crew came abruptly in sight of a squad of white horsemen, ten in number, drawn up across the way.

"Halt and fire!" vociferated Turner to his company.

Before they could raise their guns a volley of musketry blazed along the line of their opponents. One negro fell dead, several others were wounded. A second discharge followed in rapid succession, Turner and his men firing a few random and harmless shots. Before the whites could re-load, the rebels turned their horses' heads as one man, and fled at full speed.

"On my way back," their leader relates, "I called at Mr. Thomas', Mrs. Spencer's, and several other places. The white families having fled, we found no more victims to gratify our thirst for blood. We stopped at Major Ridley's quarter for the night, and being joined by four of his men, with the recruits made since my defeat, we mustered now about forty strong."

Without understanding why he does so, he mentions the "thirst for blood" of the rampant brute-part he had aroused in the hitherto indolent and docile black, as naturally as he tells how, after the gross and prolonged feast of Sunday night, "all went to the cider-press and drank."

A false alarm was raised during the night by the sentinels he had posted. They came running into the camp with the news that they were to be attacked. Turner had lain down to sleep, but was "quickly roused by a great racket." He ordered a reconnoissance, and the return of these scouts being mistaken for hostile horsemen, the rout was complete. All but twenty dis-

persed in various directions, in spite of Turner's frantic endeavor to rally them. He "called" during Tuesday forenoon upon other families in the neighborhood, but was fired upon from upper windows in two or three instances and retreated, leaving several of his followers wounded.

"I do not know what became of them," he says, "as I never saw them afterward. Pursuing our way back and coming in sight of Captain Harris', where we had been the day before, we discovered a party of white men at the house, on which all deserted me but two—Jacob and Nat."

These he sent out from the rendezvous in the woods, where the Sabbath feast had been held, "with orders to rally all they could." They were the bearers of imperative requisitions upon the six other ringleaders. Turner remained alone in the depths of the forest until Wednesday afternoon, when he caught sight of "white men riding round the place as though they were looking for some one," and concluded that his emissaries had been captured, and, as he generously puts it, "compelled to betray" him.

For six weeks he skulked in woods and field, burrowing like a ground-hog under piles of rails and fallen timber, in holes dug with the sword he had waved in the "Forward to Jerusalem" charge, and subsisting on green corn, potatoes and meat stolen from the deserted Travis place. The only human beings to whom he spoke during this time were two negroes who were out hunting one night with a dog, and passed his cave.

I copy his account of the incident:

"I had just gone out to walk about and the dog discovered me and barked. On which, thinking myself discovered, I spoke to them to beg concealment. On making myself known they fled from me. Knowing then they would betray me, I immediately left my hiding-place."

There are pathos and significance in the words I have italicized that almost move us to compassion for the humiliated seer and liberator, and prove that he knew the material he had to deal with better than an alien to the race could have understood it.

A fortnight afterward Mr. Phipps, one of the armed patrol that never let the fugitive's scent get cold, caught a glimpse of something stirring under the bushy top of a prostrate oak, and riding closer, saw that it was human and black. Without a moment's hesitation he brought his cocked gun to his shoulder, covering the crouching creature. A hoarse voice begged him to hold his fire, and a ragged, earth-grimed thing, emaciated by fasting and trembling with the malarial ague of the low countries, crept into the sunshine. Even in this extremest degradation the defeated leader clung to the last shred of official pomp. The deputy of Him who "had borne the yoke for the sins of men," went through, as he chronicles, the form of "surrendering" his sword to the captor, as to another and a victorious general.

There was no plea of insanity urged at his trial. Nor was there in other and non-slaveholding states any expression of sympathy with the aims and acts, or pity for the fate of one who, forsaken at the first show of opposition by the adherents who had sworn within two days to sell life for liberty, yet believed up to the gallows' foot that "God set him about this righteous work."

One item in the list of the killed on that Sunday night after the "feast of consecration," is:

"Mrs. Levi Walker and ten children."

It was hard to convince Christians in the first third

of the nineteenth century that "Divine necessity" takes such form as this.

The outline of this frightful tale, up to the dispersion of the rebels on Tuesday noon, was what my grandmother imparted to me as cautiously as was consistent with my right comprehension of the situation in which we, with other Virginian families, were placed by the catastrophe. Swift messengers had borne the news to Richmond, and others been dispatched by the state authorities at the capital in every direction to warn the white population of the danger working under their feet. Military companies from armory and municipality set off without the delay of an hour for the afflicted county seventy miles away. The Richmond Blues, the gallant volunteers that had marched forth in the tempest of rain and fire from heaven to oppose Gabriel's horde, buckled on sword-belts, shouldered muskets, and joined in this bloodier expedition. Infuriated at the fiendish atrocity of the wholesale butchery reported to them; racked beyond the power of control at the horrible sights that met them in their passage through a district where there were not enough living inhabitants to put decently underground the piles of dead blackening in the August heat—they were hardly restrained by discipline from entering upon a retaliative slaughter of the Southampton negroes. They ransacked quarters and barns and woods with the zeal of bloodhounds for evidences of complicity in the horrid work; shot without warrant or remorse at dusky figures stealing through the underbrush, hiding behind trees and lurking in gullies, as the militia and regular soldiery rode by in their fierce patrol of the neighborhood.

These and other particulars were unknown to us when I listened to Grandma's brief synopsis of Captain Macon's news. He, as the head of the impromptu police put on duty in our county, was in possession of little beyond the leading facts of the case. The end of the thread trailed away into portentous darkness. The extent of the conspiracy; what other and direful developments were in reserve for us; what were the probabilities of the reappearance of the chief of the murderers in another section with a new host at his call—these were the harrowing uncertainties that begloomed the views of the most sanguine. Of this suspenseful period—the six weeks in which the whole colored population of Virginia lay under suspicion of harboring the escaped ringleader, and rumors were rife and rapid of his machinations and whereabouts—John Randolph's declaration was true, "When the fire-bell in Richmond rings at night, there is never a mother within hearing of it who does not clasp her baby more tightly to her breast."

Grandma did not affect to conceal from me that our lives might be in jeopardy every hour. She did speak calmly of the duty of courage and resolution, tenderly of the one certainty that remained to us, that a God of love and infinite compassion was above all, and we could not suffer hurt without his knowledge and consent.

And this with Mammy standing behind her mistress' chair, one swarthy hand—sinevy yet and strong enough to interrupt for all time the breath in the white throat above the lawn ruffles of the widow's dress—almost touching her shoulder as the tale went on!

"Ritta," said Grandma, when there was no more to tell, "will you pour out my drops for me?"

The medicine was in a closet. It was powerful, and must be used carefully. There were other and deadlier poisons on the same shelf that might be substituted for it. Grandma did not turn her head to watch the



"SHE LAID HER HAND ON THE DARK FINGERS OF HER ATTENDANT."

woman as she obeyed the order, drank the potion prepared, and gave back the glass with the usual, "Thank you, 'Ritta," that repaid every such service.

"Mammy," said I, breathless and dizzy with a sudden thought, "how did you know anything about Nat Turner's plans a week ago last Thursday night—the night I had the nightmare—the night you told me about your grandfather and your father?"

"A week ago last Thursday," repeated Grandma, slowly. "Why, my child, nothing of all this had happened then?"

"It was the day Aunt Betsey was talking about Gabriel's insurrection on the porch," I continued, too excited to recollect *how* I had heard her.

"I remember. We were saying last night how strange it was that our thoughts should have taken that turn. It would seem sometimes as if the air caught and carried feelings and opinions."

She said it musingly and tranquilly; then, for the first time since I had sprung the question upon her, looked at her maid.

"Did you know or suspect anything of this before it came to pass?" without change of tone or expression.

Mammy set aside the glass, folded her hands in the submissive way common with her, and rested her eyes full upon her mistress' face.

"It was in the air, as you say, ma'am. 'Twasn't a story, but a sayin' that brought on the talk. It came

up in the kitchen from the chapter Mars' Archie read at pra'rs. Michael he asked his mammy what was the meanin' o' 'insurrection.' He say as how he been hear Miss Betsey talkin' 'bout one on the po'ch, an' 'bout Gabriel an' the creek risin'. He was in the dinin'-room breshin' out the flies. Rose she was all for shettin' him up, but Uncle Win'sor—you know how heady he is, ma'am—would have his say 'bout them ole times, an' Barrateer he tole what some men had said in his shop one day, two or three weeks ago, 'bout slavery not being the 'pintment of the Lord, though He does 'low it, an' how liberty was proclaim to all de 'habitants o' the lan', an' why not black as well as white? That was the peth o' the talk, ma'am, arter we had sount the chillen to bed; but it sot me to argyin' an' thinkin', an' when I come into the house to fix yo' room for the night, I couldn't fetch up all at onct. I dar' say, what with turnin' it over in my min' an' frettin' over other people's foolishness, I may have spoken imprudent to Miss Judith."

"Who were the men who talked in the blacksmith's shop?"

"Barrateer didn't know 'em, ma'am. The tire of their carryall wheel had come off. But he'd a notion, from their common looks and keerless ways, that they were free niggers."

"Very likely," thoughtfully. "I must speak to your Master Archie about them. It may be of some importance, Such careless, idle talk does much harm. 'Ritta"—

the black eyes, usually so mild, were piercingly bright—"I have told Miss Judith what I have learned about this terrible affair. Have I had all that you know—or suspect?"

French sparkle met Huguenot glow as the two women faced each other. The kingly blood in the serf triumphed over the habit of subjection learned in two generations.

"My mistis has arsked me for the truth. I has been serve' her fur thirty odd year, an' she ain't never foun' a lie in my mouth. This plantation an' this fam'y is all the home an' frien's I got in this worl'. My husban' he is in a country whar even the bondage o' sin is unknown. My only chile, my son, a man growed, lives here with me in peace an' honor. I arsk nothin' better o' the Lord than that He'll let me die here in my nes', an' fur the same han's to close my eyes that shet down my mother's eyelids. But ef my mistis wish to hear what other folks—yonger folks—think, ef they darsn't say it out, it's somethin' like this: 'Ef freedom ain't a good thing, why does the Word o' the Lord make so much of it?' The bondwoman ain't the blessid one *thar*. Jerusalem which is above is free. The 'fas' which the Lord has chosen is to loose the ban's o' wickedness.' But that ain't all! 'To onto the heavy burdens.' An' it don't stop *thar*! 'To let the oppress' go free, an' to break every yoke!' Now, these shoulders o' mine ain't cuarr'd no heavier burdens 'n' I could stan' up under. But my mother's did! I ain't oppress'. No yoke ain't fasten' on my neck. But my gran'father—a king in his own lan'—never got up from crawlin' on his han's an' knees under his 'n tell he stood up straight an' white, a saved soul, befo' Him who made him free with an everlastin' freedom. It's somethin' wuth talkin' 'bout fur a man to be his own marster. It's better wuth havin' fur him to be sure that he ken live joyful all the days o' his life with his wife an' chillen. *You know what happens sometime, Mistis!* Never with your servants, thank the Lord! *Thar ain't been a Read servant sole sence I ken remember, nor in my mother's lifetime, I been hear her say. But 'tain't so in other places an' with other folks!*"

"I would free you all to-morrow, 'Ritta, if I could. The Master whom we both serve is my witness that I speak the truth."

"Don' I know that, ma'am? Don' all this place know it, down to the younges' chile that ken tell its right han' from the lef'? An' don' we all onderstan'

that ef you did thar wouldn't be no res' fur the sole o' our foot on Virginny sile? that we mus' pack up babies an' bundles an' tramp off to earn our livin' 'mong strangers an' furriners whar we'll be dispisable on 'count o' our color? We ain't all of us born fools yit, nor on-grateful to them that have done the bes' they could by us. You been arsk me what I know an' what I suspec'. I know there ain't a colored person that ever b'longed to you or yours that wouldn't stan' between you an' Nat Turner's meat-axe any time o' day or night. Be-fo' a h'ar o' yo' head falls he's got to kill every man an' woman o' his own color on this plantation. We all heerd this story of the crazy wickedness goin' on in Southampton las' night. We all onderstood this mornin' at pra'rs what Mars' Archie wanted to talk to the han's about when he tole them to meet him at the quarters when they heerd the horn blow soon arter breakfas'. He knows by this time how *they* think an' feel.

"I ain't denyin' that ef it was so ez they could be free without bein' transpo'ted into strange countries like so many barn-burners an' horse-stealers, they'd bless the day that gin' 'em liberty. But they don' see their way clear to the Promise' Lan' over a road fenced in with babies' corpses an' knee-deep in the blood o' innocent women who have done nothin' but try to cuarry the load in the fear o' the Lord that their forefathers laid 'pon 'em. They can't see, bein' Christyuns an' human bein's, ez the Lord calls them to march through no sech Red Sea as *that*!"

"That's all I know. I don' suspec' nothin'!"

My grandmother was a woman of singular self-command. She seldom shed tears, almost as seldom lost the dignified repose which gave such exquisite finish to her manner. I was actually terrified when I saw her draw out her handkerchief and press it to her eyes. She arose to her feet and laid her hand—fine bred in every line and tint, the thread of gold that remained of the wedding-ring its only ornament—on the dark fingers interlaced in the energy of her attendant's speech.

"I believe you—and I trust them! Say to them—my people whom I love, my friends who have served and cared for me and mine these many years—these words from the Book in which we all believe:

"*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

"I do not believe that they will be called upon to defend my life with theirs. But I shall be a rich woman all my days in knowing that they would, if necessary, give me and my children this proof of love."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MESSAGE.

[WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF THOREAU'S "EARLY SPRING IN MASSACHUSETTS."]

GENTLY the south wind lifts the veil of snow,
As from the face of one who hath been ill,
Nigh unto him who cometh to fulfill
Peace to the dead, but to the living woe.
The dear familiar face we scarce would know;
Inanimate, unconscious, stark and still
It lies, as is the top of yon bare hill.
The ash curtains of the sky hang low,
And desolation spreads her mantle gray
O'er all the earth. And thus day after day

She lies, until her lover's nigh despair.
Then comes a little bird and whispereth,
Like the angel of the spring, "It is not death—
She only sleeps." And through her purple hair
The gentle south wind sighs, "Beloved, awake!
Man's eyes are full of longing for thy sake!"
Lo! o'er yon vale a vapor as a breath:
Upon the tawny cheek a flush of green.
The eternal mother of all things terrene
Liveth ever, O ye of little faith!

CHARLES R. DRYER.

THE LANDLORD'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

A COMIC OPERA FOR A SINGLE STAGE, BUT WITH ANY NUMBER OF ACTS AND TABLEAUX.



SCENE—Piazza of a Summer Hotel in the Catskills. TIME—Saturday evening. A knot of ladies are gathered upon the piazza. The hotel stage is seen approaching in the distance.

CHORUS OF WIVES (*chantant*).

Now isn't it perfectly lovely and splendid
To see the dear horses come climbing the hill—
The dear darling creatures with nostrils extended—
How perfectly sweet—

PROPRIETOR (*chantant to himself*).

'Twill be charged in your bill.

CHORUS OF WIVES.

Just see our dear "hubbies" all frantically waving
Their hats and their handkerchiefs from the coach-top.

EACH (*aside*).

I am so glad that I've not been behaving
The way that the rest did last night at the hop.



CHORUS OF HUSBANDS (*on the stage*).

Here we are in for it over a Sunday,
Playing the "dutiful," childlike and meek,
But you can bet we will leave here on Monday;

(*Striking an attitude of deep grief, then winking at one another.*)

Business is pressing, stock market is weak.

(*The coach rapidly approaches, then stops.*)

ENSEMBLE.

"Will!" "Ellen!" "Joe!" "Dovey!" "Is it hot in the city?"

"Are you lonesome?" "Yes, awfully." "Hard ride to-day."

"We're ten minutes late." "Scorching hot." "What a pity."

"Where's my candy?" "Those novels?" "How long can you stay?"

"Oh, Charles, baby's sick—have you brought my new bonnet?"

"George, dearest, I *know* you've forgotten my dress."

"On the contrary, darling, I'm sitting upon it."

(*She faints.*)

CHORUS OF LADIES (*with shriek accompaniment*).

"You monster, how could you, just see her distress."

(*The lady revives, but life is to her a blank.*)



CHORUS OF HUSBANDS (*getting down from stage with their arms full of bundles, which they give to their wives*).

We are loaded with packages, bundles to please you;

Our pockets, valises and hampers they fill;

There was hardly a place on the stage one could squeeze through,
The freight was so great.

PROPRIETOR (*gleefully chantant*).

'Twill be charged in your bill.

(*A lady, a new arrival, alights. All immediately suspend operations to comment.*)

Mrs. A. Insipid and awkward.

Mrs. B. No style.

Mrs. C. Not a particle.

Mrs. D. What a fright of a bonnet!

Mrs. E. Last year's at the least.

Mrs. F. Has she a dressmaker?

Mrs. G. Look at that article!
 Mrs. H. Where did it come from?
 Mrs. K. Made over and pieced!

A VERY YOUNG MAN (*timidly*).
 Her face is quite pretty.

ANOTHER VERY YOUNG MAN (*rendered temporarily insane
 by his companion's boldness*).

Her figure is charming.

CHORUS OF LADIES.
 My gracious, my goodness, 'tis powder and paint!
 And the way that she laces herself is alarming!
 If we were laced that way we know we should faint.
 (*New arrival exivit meanwhile.*)

CHORUS OF LADIES.
 Now we must leave you to dress for the evening.

EACH (*aside*):
 I wonder what those horrid creatures will wear!
 (*Exeunt up stairs.*)

CHORUS OF MEN.
 We must get a clove and some lemon with seasoning.
 Adieu till the hop begins; we will be there.
 (*Exeunt down stairs.*)

PROPRIETOR (*executing a pas seul, toujours chantant*):
 In pleasure my guests are engaged at this hour,
 And I need amusement, so straightway I will
 Proceed to yon glass and mahogany bower,
 And there add an "extra" or so to some bill.

(*Exit, dancing and smiling.*)

Chinese lanterns and slow curtain.

H. C. FAULKNER.



SHARKS AND LEVIATHANS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

WHILE the great fresh-water seas are not, perhaps, so prolific in finny tribes and varieties of species as corresponding latitudes and areas of the ocean, they nevertheless exhibit a fair proportion of goodly food-fish, many of which, in a measure, possess characteristics not very unlike those of some salt-water forms. To be sure, the Great Lakes have no whales; but whales are not fish. And yet they might have types of these, were it not for the rapids of the St. Lawrence and the Falls of Niagara.

The sword-fish, however, has here a representative in a long-snouted monster, whose upper jaw is prolonged half a yard or more; but he is as yet without scientific classification or designation, the only specimen ever brought to light having been captured but eighteen or twenty months since in Lake Huron. True sharks, of course, are wanting, but they are ably represented, so far as habits go, by the lordly Mackinac or Great Lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*), the fierce masq'allonge (*Esox nobilior*), voracious dog-fish (*Amia ocellicanda*), and the hideous cat-fishes (*Siluridae*). The salmon (once abundant in Lake Ontario waters) is replaced by the white-fish and siscowit, members of the same family; the cod and haddock by a near cousin known as the "spotted burbot" or ling; the halibut by even a more sacculent fish, the Lake sturgeon; drum-fish by Lake sheepshead; the shad is already introduced and perfectly at home; while the herring of the North Atlantic is more than overshadowed by the Great Lake ciscoes, which have not only usurped the name, but, when cured and smoked, are held in even higher estimation.

Few not immediately resident are familiar with the vast resources of the great inland seas—Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior—and the great area which they with their tributaries represent, or with the industries to which they give rise. Who would for a moment sup-

pose that Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin rivaled all Muscovy and Scandinavia in the production of caviare, and New England and Nova Scotia in "smoked herring" or that Sandusky, Port Huron, Milwaukee and Racine marketed more cured halibut than Gloucester, Swampscott, Marblehead and Salem! Yet such is an indisputable fact.

Pre-eminent among the monsters of the Lakes in point of size is the common sturgeon (*Acipenser rubicundus*), which is said to attain the enormous length of twenty and twenty-five feet—an estimate that, for all practical purposes, may be divided by two. He is not the same creature that wallows about the estuaries and tide-water rivers of the Atlantic, or more than a "cousin twice removed" to the shovel-nosed "hog-fish" so prevalent in the Mississippi and muddy Missouri; and he is much more cleanly and reputable in appearance and habits than either. He has a neat and rather trim body, in spite of a half-swinish contour. His flesh is clear, white and, when properly cooked, with difficulty detected from veal; and he produces a clear, almost odorless oil, the better grades of which find their way to Eastern markets, whence they return again, after undergoing reclarification, in modest little vials put up for the use of watchmakers, jewelers and sewing-machine dealers, under the garb of "porpoise" and "pure refined sperm" oils. For so large a fish, he is wondrous shy and timid, very dainty in choice of food, seldom or never preys upon the smaller tribes—though he does devour their spawn when opportunity offers—and conducts himself generally as a good citizen of the aqueous commonwealth in which he resides. What his

* The recent capture of a shovel-nosed or spoon-billed sturgeon (*Acipenser* or *Scaphirhynchops platyrhynchus*) near Sarnia proves its existence, long denied, in the Great Lakes. Two specimens of this rare fish have also been taken in Chautauqua Lake.

youthful habits of life may be I am sure I cannot conceive, since I do not remember having ever seen one less than two feet long, nor have I been fortunate enough to meet any one who has. Like Topsy, he does not appear to have been born, but to have "grewed"—sprung into existence all at once, as it were, from the tiny eggs that are scattered each year along the clay banks of rivers and lakes.

Formerly the Great Lake sturgeon was held in universal abhorrence and contempt, save by the Indians and their Gallico-American imitators; and because poor "Frenchy" would eke out his scanty fare and keep Good Friday with *Nishe-Nahma* or "*bœuf de poisson*," he was classed with the Chinaman of our boyhood, who was supposed to dine off rats, snakes, lizards and puppies, with opium and "last year's birds'-nests" for dessert. Back in the good old days, more than thirty years past, there existed a colony of Mormons on one of the islands of Lake Michigan—the "Big Beaver"—under the rule of one James J. Strang, or, as he styled himself, "King James I.," and who held his court at the little hamlet—it has not yet acquired the dignity of a village—of St. James. In winter the island was entirely cut off from communication with the mainland and the world at large, partially so even in summer, and its inhabitants frequently suffered for the necessities of life, and occasionally were even on the verge of starvation. At last, to bridge over such emergencies, his majesty conceived the idea of teaching his subjects to live as did the Indians of his somewhat contracted realm and its contiguous islands. They caught the sturgeon, ate him, and waxed fat thereon; and accordingly he conveniently received a revelation from Heaven declaring this fish to be the favorite above all others of the Almighty, and especially calculated to feed His chosen people; and Strang farther set an example by having it served upon his table daily. Afterward he engaged a portion of the community in curing and smoking the fish, whereby its superior excellences were made manifest without farther Divine interposition, and thus the first seeds were sown that have since grown into one of the greatest of Great Lake industries. Now, too, oil was tried out from waste and inferior fish, most excellent for many household purposes, and it soon met with ready sale on the main-land and at the government light-houses, where in a measure it superseded the best whale oils, inasmuch as it gave a clearer and brighter light and larger and whiter flame, with less attendant smoke, and clogged neither wicks or machinery.

The mode of capture among the "Saints" was that practiced by their Indian neighbors, and in vogue at the present day, and was carried on chiefly in midwinter, when the ice had become stable and solid, the favorite grounds being some six or seven miles from St. James, in the waters about Garden and Hog Islands.

In winter, sturgeon are inclined to lie in a half-torpid condition along the bottom of the lake: but the moment an opening is made through the ice they seem to at once recognize the fact, and flock thither, jostling and struggling to secure a bit of the outer air. Why this is so is one of the unanswered problems of fish-life, but it is a fact of which fishermen are not slow to take an advantage by making a series of openings which can be worked successively as the fish become alarmed; sometimes even a series of holes are cut and left unmolested a week at a time, merely to encourage the fish and secure their confidence as it were. Around each opening is strewn a heap of cedar or hemlock brush, as an antidote or preventive of frost, upon which the fisherman reclines at

full length when fishing, his head and the hole beneath meanwhile shrouded by a heavy blanket in order to shut out all rays of light save those that may struggle up from the waters below. By this device he is enabled to scan a considerable area of water to considerable depths, and to note every movement therein, while himself practically invisible to the fish. And now, woe to the sturgeon that passes that way, since he is certain to be impaled by the murderous spear, and after a prolonged but useless struggle drawn to the surface, flung upon the ice, and there left to breathe his last and freeze, while awaiting his captor's pleasure.

A sturgeon spear is entirely unlike any other weapon of its class with which I am familiar, and consists of two parts: First, a handle of some hard and heavy wood that will penetrate the water easily, from thirty to forty feet long and two or two and a half inches in its greatest diameter, the lower end of which is clamped and fitted with a socket of iron. Secondly, the spear proper—a pointed steel rod a foot in length, armed with from three to six barbs arranged at equal distances, one above the other, and all on the same side, and so loosely fitted to the handle that the slightest exertion on the part of either captor or captured at once disengages it from its socket; farther, there is an eye in the upper third into which is fastened a stout cotton cord of thirty or forty fathoms, whose distal end is knotted to a ring on the centre of the handle. This arrangement of tackle is made with a view of insuring a capture with a minimum of danger and exertion, since few are capable of holding, while impaled, a vigorous sturgeon of perhaps two hundred pounds or more; and even were such possible the handle would be sure to come to grief in a struggle carried on at such manifest disadvantage through an opening scarce half a yard in diameter. But the point becoming disengaged the moment the barbs are sent home, a cumbersome and unwieldy handle so essential in striking is at once cast aside, while the line, its slack previously coiled upon the ice, or conveniently looped in the left hand, insures perfect control of the quarry, yet permits him a certain amount of play as it is grudgingly slackened out, and again drawn in, always with a moderate strain, until at last the thoroughly-exhausted and done-up fish submits to being drawn to the surface and lifted out. Sturgeon from six to eight feet long are readily taken in this way, and even colossal individuals measuring three, four and five yards who have long since outgrown their youth and are in the midst of a truly patriarchal longevity. I believe they are sometimes speared by torch-light from boats in midsummer, especially on the breeding-grounds and in rivers, but it is by no means a frequent practice.

Of late years sturgeon are largely taken at suitable seasons by seine nets. Formerly their spawning-beds and feeding-grounds were universally avoided; but they are now the theatres of many exciting scenes and contests, as the lake leviathans are dragged to the surface or the strand by the nets, and then lifted bodily and rolled into the holds of small decked-over fishing-boats, known as "hookers," which transport them to the ponds and curing houses of the dealers.

A sturgeon pond is merely a large area of lake or river inclosed by driving spiles into the bottom, a short distance apart, and then walling the interior with planks, leaving an inch or two of space between joints, through which the water may circulate freely. Most ponds, too, are fitted with a heavy gate at one end or side that swings outward on a mud-sill from a perpendicular to a horizontal position, to allow of a seine being

drawn through it, either in or out as the case may be, while filled with struggling fish. Four or five thousand fish in any one pond is no unusual occurrence, and I have seen in that of Messrs. Canham & Armstrong, at Port Huron, nearly double that number. Indeed, as Mr. Canham remarked, "it is a dull day that finds the pond without two or three thousand fish" awaiting the time when they will be merged into "smoked halibut." The chief fishing-grounds beside those of the Beaver group are, about the islands and western end of Lake Erie (Sandusky and Maumee Bays), Lake St. Clair, the lower portion of Lake Huron, and off the mouth of St. Joseph's River, Michigan, off Racine, and in Green Bay, Wisconsin, all on Lake Michigan.

For so large a fish, the sturgeon is quite dainty in habits, and, except as heretofore mentioned, feeds only on the smaller forms of life, many so minute as to be almost microscopic, such as dwell in the muddy and clayey banks and along the bottoms of the lakes and rivers. His strong, blunt, swinish snout is especially formed for "rooting," ending, as it does, in a compact cartilaginous mass that is in great request among French-Canadian lads to form the centre of yarn and leather balls, to which it gives an elasticity nearly equal to that of rubber. When feeding the creature appears to be groveling in the mud; and so he is, drawing into his mouth the particles as fast as they are loosened, which are then sifted and strained in much the same way a duck "gabbles" in a dirty puddle, until the small crustaceans and invertebrates contained therein are separated, when the superfluous material is rejected. This is the act that has given rise among the vulgar to the widespread belief that the sturgeon subsists only on mud, air and water—all of which, however, are very essential to its life.

Next in point of size to the sturgeon is the Great Lake or Mackinac Trout—"Lake Salmon," some call him—who, along with the masq'allonge, well deserves the title of "fresh-water shark." He may be had in all sizes, from the two to ten-pound fish taken in pound, gill and seine-nets, to monsters of from fifty to one hundred and twenty pounds, captured only by more elaborate though less expensive engines. Handsome in outline, at his best very salmon-like in delicate pencilings of color, rich in amethystine tint of flesh, and of unexceptional flavor—supposed by many to be due to his well-known predilection for his smaller and weaker cousins, the ciscoes and white-fish—rivaling even his great andromadous relative of tide-waters. There is nothing modest in his composition, either, for he is a bold and fierce biter and a ravenous feeder; always restless, yet watchful when prey is to be had; and rapid and untiring in his movements and journeyings. He will follow a sail vessel or steamer for miles, and even days, without apparent fatigue, merely to secure the refuse of the bar-room, pantry or table, trying everything that comes to his maw, it matters little what, from bread-crusts, potato-parings, scraps of meat and orange-peelings down to bones, corn-cobs, dish-rags, spoons and tobacco-quids. Fishermen say he bites best when fullest; and, true or false as the aphorism may be, he is seldom known to refuse an offer of any kind, thereby evincing a spirit of curiosity and love for experimental research unparalleled since the days of Eden. I have known a Mackinac trout to take the hook at a time when his stomach and jaws were distended by the body of one of his own species more than two-thirds as large as himself, whose tail protruded far beyond his mouth at the moment of capture; and which would appear to have been just swallowed, since it was not in

the least acted upon by the organs of digestion. I do not know that I am especially cruel or heartless, but I would like, just for a few moments, to see a Mackinac trout and masq'allonge of equal size placed together in a glass tank. I am sure there would be a hustling among the waters for a while; and though the fierce teeth of Sir Esoc might inflict many a wicked gash in the plump and well-rounded sides of Namaycush, the latter, whose visual organs are proverbially larger than his epigastrium, would, I am confident, swallow his rival, even if his jaws were dislocated in the attempt.

Mackinac trout are found in different shades of coloring and tints of flesh in different localities. An attempt has been made to explain this through the presence or absence of certain foods, notably a small fresh-water lobster-like crustacean, inasmuch as the finer fish are found in waters occupied by this form of life. Such, however, would seem scarcely tenable, since both white-fish and siscowit feed upon the same, and both are white-meated fish; we must look, therefore, rather to the depths and temperature of water and variations of latitude inhabited for a cause. But, be this as it may, the trout of Lake Erie are rapid and tasteless, and those of Lake St. Clair and Lower Lake Huron but little better, and of a pale straw color; but by the time the cold waters of the Straits of Mackinac and Northern Lakes Michigan and Huron are reached, or the icy depths of Superior explored, the fish have acquired a rich salmon or amethystine tint, and possess gustatory excellences that rival even the brilliant "king of fish." Off the Fox Islands of Lake Michigan, and in the vicinity of Jack-fish Bay, on the northern coast of Lake Superior, trout are taken at depths of from ten to fourteen hundred feet, whose hard, firm, amethystine flesh and superior flavor have given them more than a national reputation, in spite of Herbert's (Frank Forester's) dictatorial assertion that the Mackinac trout ("salmon" he calls it) is "exceedingly bad," and that it is "coarse, flabby, and at once rank and insipid when fresh, if such a combination can be imagined." But he speaks knowingly of that he knows not of, and while I would not insinuate that he willfully lends himself to an untruth, he at least placed himself in an unpleasant position, since he could never have thoroughly investigated the subject.

There is a form of Namaycush occasionally met with easily recognized by a long, thin, fleshless body and loose, flabby skin; he is commonly observed floating along the surface of the water or basking lazily in the sun. Such individuals snap at anything offered, from a brass button to a naked hook, yet in such an idle, spiritless way as to convey the impression he has just dined to repletion, and only takes the offered lure as a matter of accommodation or curiosity; at the same time his stomach will be found as empty as the pocket of an Irish curate or poor-box of a fashionable church. Fish of this class are known to the fishermen as "racers," and may frequently be taken with the gaff alone; but they are unfit for food, since their gaunt forms are but a harboring place for numerous entozoa—*cestoideu*, *trematodu* and *cysticeri*; their enormously distended air-bladders and mossy sides and gill-covers, covered with a greenish fungus-like mould, are indicative of disease. This accounts for their spiritless condition and habits of life, and they escape man only to die a lingering death, or to be torn and mangled by hawks and eagles.

The larger trout that find their way to market are invariably captured by means of spears and "snatches." "Snatching" trout is a favorite pastime and employment in certain localities, and likewise a somewhat

lucrative one in winter; and since it is a branch of the piscatory art peculiar to itself, and, so far as personal knowledge extends, has never been described, I venture to supply the omission.

First the fisherman protects himself from the inclemencies of the weather by drawing on over each other several pairs of socks, the last heavy "Dutch" ones (duffle socks), after which the legs are encased in moccasins or shoe-pacs, thereby giving the wearer all the appearance of suffering from an incipient attack of elephantiasis. Next comes a heavy double blanket coat or Hudson's Bay capote, the peaked hood of which is drawn loosely over head and cap and tightly about the face. The hands are now encased in an enormous pair of woolen mittens that cause them to assume like proportions with the nether extremities. Finally, the waist is tightly girded by a bright worsted scarf, in which is thrust the handle of a small axe, an ice-chisel and a knife. His tackle is a hook nearly a foot in length and from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch in diameter, rudely fashioned from steel wire by some rural blacksmith, and whose shank transfixes in its longest diameter a spindle-shaped sinker of lead two or three pounds in weight, after which it is bent upon itself to form a ring or eye, to which is securely knotted a stout heavy cotton line the thickness of one's little finger, three or four hundred feet in length, and bearing a marked resemblance to the good wife's clothes-line or an old-fashioned bed-cord—purposes which it was doubtless originally intended to serve.

With the axe and chisel a hole is quickly opened through the ice at some point where the lake is deep and trout known to be abundant; the hook is duly baited with a strip of fat salt pork (a young herring, dog-fish or rag of white cloth answers nearly as well), and allowed to sink into the depths below. Presently a hungry trout espies the lure, and is moved in the spirit of curiosity to investigate the whys and wherefores thereof, and glides up to nose the oily pork. This he finds to his satisfaction, and with a sudden snap gulps it down regardless of consequences, and with a quick wag of his tail turns leisurely away. But in the meantime his presence has been telegraphed to the farther end of the circuit, followed by a sudden "yank," doubtless somewhat astonishing to the internal arrangements of his Namaycushine majesty, and before he can recover from his bewilderment sufficiently to collect his powers the cruel barb is buried in his jaws or gullet, and he finds himself rapidly ascending to the outer air, as the fisherman, with line thrown over his shoulder, races away over the ice at the top of his speed, neither pausing or halting until the gasping victim is landed high and dry on the frozen field. Sometimes a grapple of several hooks is used, and more than one fish is taken at a time, but the *modus operandi* is essentially the same. A similar operation carried on from a boat in summer is dignified by the title of "trolling;" but the act is one that would cause the "recreative and contemplative" angler of scientific attainments a thrill of horror. Two men working together with a "snatching apparatus" will sometimes kill and cure as high as eighteen barrels of trout per week; but four barrels are considered a very fair yield under all ordinary circumstances.

Near the Charity Islands of Saginaw Bay, Mackinac trout are speared in winter, much in the same way that sturgeon are taken elsewhere, save that the fisherman shelters his head and the opening through the ice by means of a triangular box or "coop"—framed like an inverted V—some four feet wide at

its base by three feet high and two deep. One side of the coop being open, light is excluded by throwing a blanket over the top, the folds of which are adroitly adjusted to permit the free movement of the spear handle, and at the same time to cover the shoulders of the operator as he reclines at full length on a sack or mattress of straw. By this means the scanning of the bottom of the bay is made possible. The spear in this instance is provided with from three to six prongs, something after the pattern of the implement commonly depicted in the sinister claw of his Plutonic majesty, and all save the two outer tines are double-barbed. The shank is rigidly riveted into the socket of its handle, a piece of ash eighteen feet long, while the upper or distal extremity of the latter is connected by a cord to the peak or gable of the coop. A take of sixty pounds of trout per ten hours' labor is here considered a good catch, since the fish average but about eight or ten pounds each; and a profitable market is found at Bay City at from six to eight and ten cents per pound, according to season and quality. This fishing, too, is a special winter industry, participated in chiefly by the mill men of the Saginaw Valley, who during the season live upon the ice in small board shanties mounted on runners, each one a law to himself and the provider of his own cuisine. Some, too, while engaged in spearing, make use of a live herring as a lure, attaching it by a line and hook inserted through the fleshy portion of the back to the roof of the coop, having first forced it to swallow a strip or bar of lead a quarter of a pound in weight.

The masq'allonge is simply an enormous pickerel or overgrown pike, and exhibits no characteristics not common to these fish other than are the result of superior size. His distinguishing marks are the absence of teeth in the anterior portion of the lower jaw, bare cheeks and half-naked (the lower half) opercles or gill-covers. He is not so abundant as the trout, or so handsome, cleanly and aristocratic a fish, since he exhibits a preference for shallow and less pellucid waters and reedy and muddy bottoms over crystal depths and gravelly reaches. While Namaycush may be styled the leopard or tiger of the open waters, this fellow is but the jackal and hyena of subaqueous forests and jungles, and a lover of filth and carrion. There is nothing frank, open or careless in his composition or methods. On the contrary, he is shy, cautious, sneaking, peering and crafty—an arrant knave and coward, who never pursues his prey boldly and fairly, but waits in hiding for unsuspecting victims, upon which he pounces with more than lupine ferocity and drags to his lair, there to gloat upon, torment and devour at his leisure. His very face, as well as the character of his teeth, is an index of his base and cruel disposition. His eye is absolutely devilish in its malignancy, and his lithe, active body, marked and variegated with black, green and white, in spite of a certain glittering beauty, is cold, clammy and snake-like in form and appearance. Namaycush is hot-headed, bold, fearless and pugnacious, stopping short at nothing; while *Esox* is cool, slow, calculating and crafty, and more than an ordinary tyrant, in that he preys only upon those far weaker than himself and every way his inferiors in point of size. His delight is a shallow, reedy pool, where the lily pads and wild rice attract the water-fowl, and from beneath whose shadows he can silently and deftly poke up his long snout and seize upon some tender and confiding duckling, which, to the amazement of a proud and happy mother, disappears suddenly in a swirl of water to pay tribute to incarnate rapacity. Nothing comes amiss to him that is

flesh, whether clothed in fur, scales or feathers—not even stinking offal. Still, he will fight when cornered, and that, too, “good and strong,” and with all the wickedness of his malevolent disposition; and his supple form is capable of all sorts of unheard-of twistings, writhings and contortions, as he now dives like a flash to the bottom, then reappears in mid-air, shaking his head like an angry bull and dashing the water in showers from his glittering sides, and again dashing and swirling about the pool, lashing it in his rage till it is covered with a mass of feathery, sparkling foam. He is marvelous in his strength, and possesses an astonishing and never-ending repertory of feints and devices that try and puzzle to the utmost the arts and wits of the angler; for in that long head of his there lurks a brain of remarkable fertility and cunning. He will bear more punishment by ten times than either trout or salmon, yet appears to suffer more, and when impaled upon the spear will turn and writhe and even sink his murderous teeth into the handle to make a fulcrum of his jaws whereby he twists himself off the barbed prongs, regardless of pain and cruel lacerations, and then seeks safety in swift and not inglorious flight, not alone from his great enemy, man, but from those of his own race, immediate members of his family, who, should his wounded condition be discovered, gather from all quarters and with ferocity unparalleled tear and rend his mutilated body like so many wolves, even satisfying their ravenous appetite upon the last quivering morsel.

I am happy to say these monsters are by no means numerous in any locality of the Great Lakes, their cannibal propensities limiting their increase. They are most plentiful, perhaps, in Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the Calumet River in Lake Michigan, in Georgian Bay, and in the river Severn at the outlet of Lake Simcoe, in all of which localities they are taken of various sizes and of weights varying from twenty to eighty pounds. But, large or small, the masq'allonge is anything but a pleasant customer to meet or tussle with, and his long lank body, pointed head, wicked eye and enormous mouth bristling with sharp, keen-pointed teeth—the canines more than an inch in length—being sufficient indications of what he would do in case an opportunity offered. I can almost believe of him the tales told by Gesner of the European pike—that he bites the legs of people when swimming or bathing; at all events, I recommend his captor to keep his hands away from the vicinity of his powerful jaws lest it be deprived of one or more digits, or perhaps mangled in a way that would put a patent sausage machine to shame. After all, there is a species of satisfaction in taking and contemplating the hideous form, in remembering the torment you have caused with hook and spear, and in knowing that you have in a measure requited him for his evil deeds.

Naturalists call the masq'allonge *Esox nobilior*—the nobler pike; but a greater misnomer was never coined. He possesses not the first spark of nobility, but on the contrary is the most villainous of his kind; *Esox lupinus*, *Esox ferox*, *Esox pusillanimis*, call him any one, if you like, anything but *nobilior*. The French Canadians very properly dubbed him “long face,” and thus we get our *masq* (face) *allonge* (long), though ignorance and vulgarity have corrupted it into muskalunge, maskenonge, muskalingo, mascalonge, and goodness knows what besides, and partly under the pretense that it is derived from an imaginary Chippeway or Ojibeway word meaning “long-nose”—a word that has no existence in that or any other tongue.

Mr. Irving Beaman is the most enthusiastic of the

admirers of the masq'allonge, and declares he can swim faster, turn quicker and shorter, pull harder, and jump higher, than any known fish. “On one occasion,” says he, “while out rowing with a boy of fourteen, I had the good fortune to hook a very large masq'allonge, which made for shallow water on a mud flat, and where my boat soon grounded. I expected to lose him; but, while working with desperate ingenuity to bring him to bay, the boy attempted a flank movement by wading, and succeeded in putting the gaff through his nose. Then began the most amusing squabble it was ever my lot to witness, it being another version of ‘pull devil, pull baker,’ and for a time it was a matter of some doubt which was game—the boy or the fish; and had the latter made for deep water he might have bagged the boy for his dinner. The struggle at last ended in favor of the boy, the big fish being suffocated by the clouds of mud stirred up in the contest, and I had the satisfaction of drawing him into the boat. I was not the least surprised at the fight he made, as he measured two inches more than five feet, and turned the scales gingerly at just forty pounds.”

Strong, heavy tackle is required for the capture of the masq'allonge, similar to that in vogue for pike and salmon-trout. Three or four hooks are commonly used bent into a single snell of wire, and baited with frogs, minnows, chubs, dace, mice, or even chicken offal—the preference always being given to live bait. Fancy trolling hooks, revolving spoons, and all the elaborate tackle gotten up to sell, are of little use, and ten dollars worth of fancy gear is less attractive to this plebeian robber than one little mouse on the end of a strong linen or hempen line; and fancy trolling-rods are better in the abstract than the reality, for the fishing is not a matter of sport, but one of pure brute strength and endurance. Spearing is the most certain way, providing you can find your fish, for he is not often caught napping; and even this method is not always productive of good results, demanding no inconsiderable experience, since he has a knack of just eluding the descending prongs by a quick movement similar to that of a loon when diving at the flash of a gun, or releasing himself at the expense of a few ugly gashes and ounces of flesh. Shooting is sometimes resorted to, but I have no reason to believe in its superiority over spearing, since it requires even more patience, and with fewer probabilities of success, and can only be effective in the spring-time, when the larger fish are wont to rise to the surface to bask in the rays of the sun. Really I cannot look upon the taking of masq'allonge in the light of a true sport, but regard, and would so encourage it, as an act as retributive justice, entailing an extraordinary amount of labor, with corresponding triumph when successful. Farther I can add nothing, save that for the table he possesses excellences that in a measure make up for his evil disposition and ways, his flesh being white, flaky, fine-grained and exquisitely juicy.

Another species possessing some interest, and no little share of voracity, is the lake Dog-fish (*Amia ocellifera*), a lazy, lumbering fellow belonging to the ganoids, phlegmatic in habits, and of no merit either for the table or to amuse the angler; his flesh is soft and pasty, and he is largely known as the “Lawyer,” because, forsooth, he “will bite at anything and is good for nothing when caught.” To see him in the water he has a contemplative appearance, something like a bull-terrier looking out from under a gate, and he is always ready for anything that comes along, his appetite being insatiable. He is not swift, or, if so, seldom exercises his powers, moves about but little in search of prey, pre-

ferring, Micawber-like, to wait for something to turn up. He will station himself boldly and openly in the midst of the favorite feeding-grounds of smaller fish and there lie for hours motionless, except for an occasional twitch of fin or tail, and no matter how hungry, still retain his position with fish whisking about under his very nose. His "policy" is to lure his victims into security and cause them to look upon him as a harmless fixture, by which time they usually feed him well. By-and-by some youngster bolder than the rest swims close to his half-open jaws, when, with a sudden snap, the victim is whisked out of sight, head foremost down his broad gullet, without ever being missed by his companions. Small cat-fish and perch—stupid creatures—in spite of spiny and horny armor, are his favorite game; and the former, for all his well-known predilection for their race, would seem never to learn a lesson or to be in the least put out by his presence. Herring, ciscoes and white-fish also contribute to his diet, as does the spawn of all the finny tribes, and he is a marked feature on the breeding-grounds of the Coregonii in November and December. The Great Lake trout he shuns lest he catch a Tartar, in the presence of the latter being content to play the part of the jackal; and the haunts of the masquallonge are avoided after he succeeds to years of discretion. In the most unparental manner he devours the spawn of his own species; but his spouse appears in a somewhat better light, since she defends the impregnated ova of her own body—though fast enough to devour those of others—watches over them until the youngsters are hatched, and then guards and protects them from her own and other species with all the devotion of a brooding hen. When all other means of defense are futile she opens her capacious maw and receives therein the younglings, with which she rushes away to some place of safety, when they are again released.

After the *Esocidae* the dog-fish are by far the most voracious and savage inhabitants of the Great Lakes; and with their keen, sharp teeth and powerful jaws it becomes possible to divide in twain with one sharp snap any fish of one-third their size or less. They are great devourers of "lake lizards," or "mud puppies" (*Menobranchi*), and make unrelenting warfare on molluscs, crustaceans and young turtles and frogs; and no form of life, or even refuse, comes amiss when hungry. Happily they are not numerous, or at least do not make their presence known in any considerable numbers, owing in part to the fact that they keep largely to the deeper waters in midsummer. How large these fish grow I cannot say; individuals of twenty pounds are frequently taken, and even greater weights are claimed. Their tenacity of life is surprising, and they seem almost insensible to pain; they will live for hours while impaled upon a hook, after perhaps having served to catch a number of fish. The tail is marked by hand-

some light-colored spots (hence the technical name), that causes them to be sought for aquariums, though they quickly prove destructive to all species other than their own.

Cat-fishes (*Siluridae*) are found in the Great Lakes of all sizes, colors and degrees of hideousness, from the "Toledo trout" (bull-head) of a few ounces up to the giant brown "cats" of eighty and one hundred pounds found only in mid-lake. About the mouth are some six or eight fleshy horns or filaments, from half a dozen inches to a foot in length—according to the size of the fish—which presumably serve the purpose of feelers, since I have observed them more than once swimming round a bait at the full extent of these tentacles, and suspiciously touching it with them before venturing nearer. This reconnaissance, however, if it be such, does not appear to greatly avail them, since there is no species more easily taken. They would appear to hug the bottom most closely, as it is there they are most frequently observed, and this act has obtained for them the title of "ground-fish;" though there is a superstition among fishermen that when a heavy storm is impending they possess a curious instinct that leads them to ascend to the surface in anticipation thereof.

For some reason cat-fish are more abundant in the spring than at any other portion of the year; besides they decrease in size as the Polar Circle is approached. They are anything but dainty in habits, feed upon all species of fish, not even excepting their own; are vicious destroyers of spawn of the better classes, and devour all forms of refuse and filth rejected by more noble forms; they likewise prove excellent hosts for intestinal parasites, hence their flesh is unfit for food, though many, notably the French Canadians and negroes, make no scruple in eating it. They say it is easy of digestion, though somewhat given to dryness, and "excellent for weak stomachs."

Fishing for "cats" always demands very heavy tackle in proportion to their size—something suitable to snubbing a heavy log in a stiff current is the thing; but as a branch of the piscatory art it is not deserving of mention. Before taking leave of these creatures I will transcribe a description written by the estimable Père Marguett, which, to say the least, is somewhat unique:

"We saw also a very hideous sea monster; his head was like that of a tiger, but his nose was somewhat sharper, and like a wild-cat; his beard was long, his ears stood upright, the color of his head being gray and neck black. He looked upon us for some time; but as we came near him our oars frightened him away."

We can forgive the good father the beard and the ears, since it was his first experience, particularly as enough remains to identify a species familiar to every Mississippi River tourist.

G. A. STOCKWELL.

WHAT IS ART?

To pour on life's stale lees a sweeter wine
Than that which flowed in youth's first vintaging;
To clothe with beauty each dull common thing;
To make expression from a plain face shine
Until its radiance appears divine;
To drop an ecstasy into the sting
Whose fatal wound becomes so ravishing.

The stricken heart smiles on and gives no sign;
To harmonize all sounds—the infant's cry,
The wail of anguish from a broken heart,
The thunder of the storm, the lover's sigh,
The night wind's moan, and hum of busy mart;
To crystallize the True and beautify
The God in thought, or form, or sound—is Art.

N. A. WELLS.

ALL OUT-DOORS.—V.

By E. C. GARDNER, Author of "The House That Jill Built," etc.

IT surely is exasperating to intrust one's husband with half a dozen or more important private errands and find that his devotion to public affairs has driven them completely out of his head. But John was fluent in his own defense, as people are apt to be who are in the wrong.

"You see, my dear, it would be the narrowest kind of selfishness—the kind that hurts itself more than any one else—if we should embellish our own little yard while the rest of our neighborhood remained in an uncivilized state. What would it profit us? We can't help seeing the adjoining premises, not only when we take our walks abroad but when we tarry at home, and a great deal more of them than we can see of our own. What pleasure or satisfaction shall we find in a neat bit of lawn and dainty flowers lying directly under our own windows, so near, in fact, that we can't see them at all from the back side of the room, if there is a sand bank just across the street, a desolate cemetery, perhaps, at one side and a Slough of Despond at the other? Perhaps," he continued majestically, "it is the evolution of culture stirring within my soul, but for some reason I can't bear to see my own premises looking like a bit of the Garden of Eden without a deep and fervid longing to see my fellow-creatures blessed with similar environment. The truth is, I am one of those persons who could not enjoy walking beneath the golden palms of the New Jerusalem, or lifting my voice in the heavenly choirs, if I knew that just over the garden wall—"

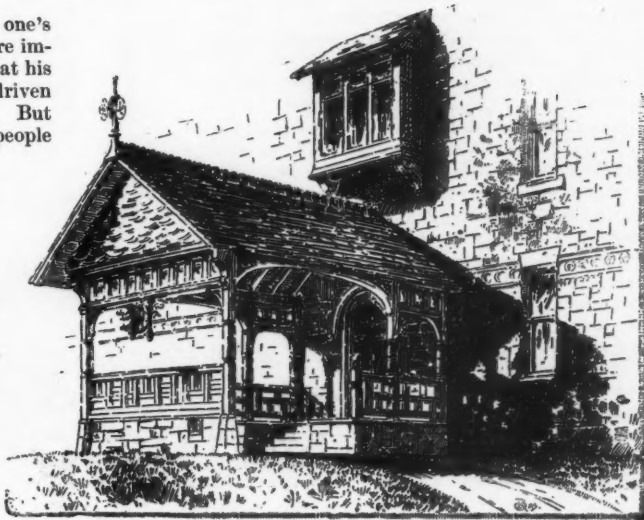
"Oh, John, you may forget all my errands and devote yourself to the public as much as you please if you will keep out of theology."

"Never said a word about theology."

"Well, you are forgiven this time, but your excuse hasn't a leg to stand upon, for the errands I cared most about were those that especially concerned our neighbors."

Being thus fairly beaten on his own ground, John repented, confessed and meekly set himself to retrieve his error by getting all the advice and information his neighbors had asked, with considerable more which he thought they would need, distributing the whole with a liberal hand.

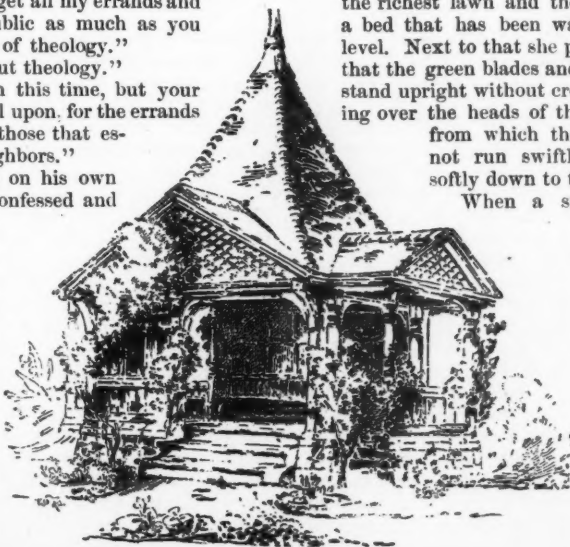
Mrs. Willoughby's terraces received, as they deserved, his first attention. According to the great "Unabridged" a terrace is "a raised level surface of earth sup-



COMFORT FOR COACHMEN AND SUMMER BONNETS.

ported on one or more sides by a wall or bank of turf or the like." This is very well for a definition, but except for transient purposes it is very poor construction. Turf, like wisdom, either grows or perishes. If it perishes it crumbles and returns to dust again, a most unstable support for anything; and in order to grow gracefully it must have a comfortable bed to lie upon. After an experience of a few hundred thousand years, more or less, Mother Nature has learned that the richest lawn and the smoothest turf require a bed that has been washed down to a water level. Next to that she prefers a slope so gradual that the green blades and waving plumes can all stand upright without crowding the feet or looking over the heads of their next neighbors, and from which the summer showers will not run swiftly away, but will sink softly down to their thirsty roots.

When a stubborn and ambitious mountain towers so high that a gradual slope from base to summit is impossible, she sets an occasional ledge or precipice along its sides to hold her beds of vegetation; but she never rests content, never lays down her shovel and hoe; her plow, scraper and dredging machine are never idle until the soil that is to bring forth grass and flowers



A GARDEN HOUSE.

has found a spot on which it can safely rest without fear of frost or flood or thundering avalanche. This is setting forth small things by great, but Nature gives us generous illustrations in her teaching.

There is another thing to which she distinctly objects in her out-of-door work. She knows nothing of trigonometry, and despises angles. Give her time enough and even the sharpest corners of the hard flint rocks will become smooth and round, and not for a single instant will she allow an angle to keep its sharpness in the softer elements. Smoke, cloud and steam, water and all the earth's productive loam, from river bank to mountain top, are moulded into swelling curves. *She* is not obliged to be sharp and pointed in order to be interesting and attractive, in order to show her own wit and skill. Doubtless there are people whose admiration for the grounds around a house is measured by the artificial character of its treatment; but, although there may be situations in which such formal outlines and sharply-defined angles in the surface of the ground will seem to harmonize with the artificial structures standing upon it, they would be inexcusable around the simple and charmingly-homely abode of Mrs. Willoughby. A house that has lived to be a hundred years old, or that intends to live as long as that, ought to have a sufficient sense of the eternal fitness to reject the unnatural contrivances that require constant petting to keep them alive. One-half the misery and weariness in the world comes from our unintermitting efforts to preserve order and good repair in things that ought to take care of themselves. This is especially true in building and in out-of-door matters. The want of thoroughness and solidity, of well-chosen material and wise construction keeps us in a chronic state of repairs and doing the same thing over and over again. Unfinished and imperfectly-made roads cause, perhaps, the most extravagant waste of labor and care, and the building and maintaining of terraces belongs in the same category. Where they are most numerous, in villages that are tumbled into narrow valleys, or climb along a steep hillside or river bank, the separate lots are of necessity small, and each man can have but a short wall of turf to keep in order. The total outlay would be none the less appalling if it were shown in a single item. An almost universal fault in building these banks of sods is the attempt to give them too sharp a pitch. A grade of "one and a half to one" (Fig. 1) is the steepest that ought to be asked to stand alone; two to one (Fig. 2) is better still, and that even is too steep for turf to thrive upon. Whenever it is necessary to rise from a lower to a higher level in a shorter distance than this inclination would allow, the bank should be formed of some other material than turf. It need not be vertical; it need not be of quarried stone with a hammered face and a heavy cap. Small

boulders and cobble-stones resting against the slope of earth—a sort of dry rip-rap (Fig. 4)—will often be more durable, more graceful, and much cheaper than a more solid wall of masonry, the straight lines and vertical face of which will never harmonize pleasantly with the ground itself.

When houses stand so closely together that the ground around them is scarcely more than an area for light and air, they are like potted plants, and the earth must take the shape of the vessel that contains it; but where there is room enough to see the ground as real, solid, original ground, the nearer we can keep to natural curves and grades the better.

Mrs. Willoughby was, therefore, advised to remove the ragged ridges of sods that had once been sharply-defined terraces, and mould the earth into the shape it must have had before it was torn open to receive the old foundation walls. In doing this, the ground next the house would be removed, exposing more of the foundation or underpinning wall. John objected to this, and privately urged his neighbor on the north to disregard the advice which he was bound in honor to convey to her. He insisted that the house would not look as picturesque and cozy unless the grass rested against the sills. Even if this were true, comfort and health are weightier matters than picturesque effects. If the admission of light and air, which are indispensable in a human habitation, seems to destroy any of its visible charm, the fault must lie in our poverty of resources or in our mistaken notions of beauty. In case

it should be found too great an undertaking to remove them entirely, or if their destruction involved the loss of valuable trees or shrubs, the next best thing would be to shave off the corners at the top, filling in the angle at the base and making a double curve (Fig. 3) instead of the straight slope.

John was not prepared to accept the porte cochère as it appeared in the picture. He was not sure he would like to pay for it, nor sure he would like it after it was paid for.

"It would very soon pay for itself," said Mrs. John, "in the saving of silk dresses that 'spot' with rain, paper parcels, summer bonnets and temper; for you know you sometimes have to wait for me at the door the smallest fraction of a minute, and when you are waiting it is best for you to be under cover. It will not keep out the sunshine or obstruct the view from any of our windows, and it gives *such* a dignified appearance to the house. It is one of those things that imply so much more than they actually declare. What is more, Mrs. Smith will be half killed with envy. It will be on the side toward her house. She hasn't any herself, and I don't see how she can have one, unless they buy some land of us, or put it on the other side of the house and move their barn. We won't sell any land of course, but



RUSTIC FRAME AND ROOF OF THATCH.

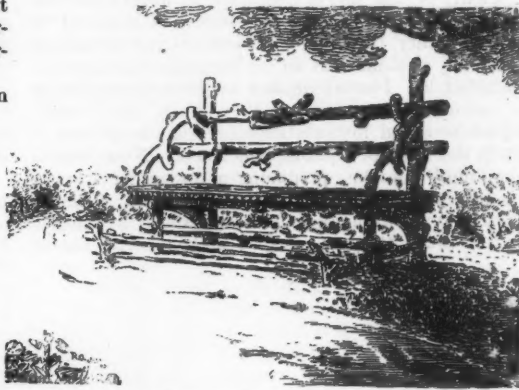
I would like to have them move their barn. And that reminds me—did you get her a design for a summer-house? You promised to, in order to make up for forgetting the paint."

It appeared that he had two designs. Whereupon his wife, with feminine consistency, began to upbraid him for doing so much for his neighbors. Why should he get two summer-houses when only one was needed?

"Now let me manage this affair," she said, taking possession of the drawings.

"With the greatest pleasure. But I don't see the shadow of anything to manage."

"I do. I shall first exhibit this porte cochère, and expatiate on its comfort and beauty. I shall tell Mrs. Smith they are extremely stylish, and show her how she can have one on the south side of her house by moving the drive-way and the barn. If she decides to do this, which will take the barn out of our sight, I shall produce the summer-house that I like best, and this will have to stand next to our line. Then we will take the fence away, and nobody can tell whether the elegant affair belongs to her place or to ours. But if she decides not to build the porte cochère, and to put the summer-house on the other side of the house, where we can't see it at all, then I shall just simply give her the ugly plan—for one of them is desperately ugly, in my



UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS.

the value there will ever be for us in our lovely lawn will be the beauty we can see in it."

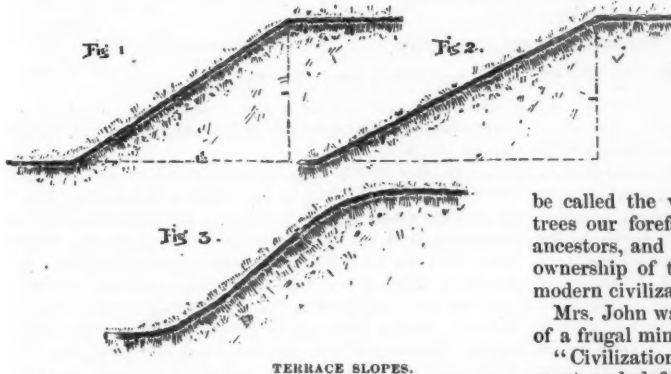
"According to that, whoever sees any beauty in our real estate owns a part of it, and those who see the most own the most."

"Certainly; but what I was preparing to say is, that since it is impossible for any of us to claim exclusive ownership in our houses and grounds, it seems very foolish to try to keep up the appearance of separation. I suppose there must be title deeds and well-defined boundary lines; but it isn't necessary to be constantly thrusting them into each other's faces; and I hope at your next public meeting you will advocate removing all fences that are not absolutely necessary."

"There it is again. We shall surely be called the village destruction society. First, the trees our forefathers planted, then the graves of our ancestors, and now the fences must go. Isn't private ownership of the soil the chief corner-stone on which modern civilization is builded?"

Mrs. John was at times of a philosophical as well as of a frugal mind.

"Civilization does indeed depend upon the establishment and defence of individual rights; but material and visible means should be supplanted as fast as possible by those that are unseen and spiritual. We must preserve our corner-stones just as we do our moral principles. There can then be no more mistaking the lines that legally enclose our land than there can be a



TERRACE SLOPES.

opinion,—and try to persuade Mrs. Willoughby to take the other."

"What shocking duplicity! I begin to understand your zeal in behalf of the neighbors. And may I ask what sort of a temple we are to contribute for the general welfare? It strikes me that a confessional would be appropriate to the locality."

"Our porte cochère, of course; but, John, we ought to give up these narrow, selfish notions of private ownership out of doors. We all own whatever we can appreciate and enjoy."

"Oh, we do, do we?"

"For instance, the beautiful lawn we are going to have in front of our house will have no value except its beauty. You won't save the hay, for it will be clipped every week with a lawn mower. Cows won't be allowed to eat it. We shall never get a cent of income from it. We shall be as careful to keep off the grass as if it was a public park all covered with warning signs, and we should no more think of selling a bit of it, or taking out a piece, than we should of stealing Mrs. Willoughby's peonies. The sum and substance of all

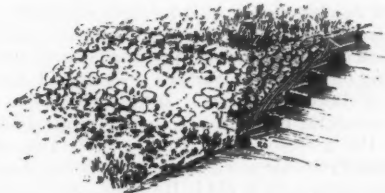


FIG. 4.—A DRY RIP-RAP.

question about the details of our conduct, morally considered, when our fundamental principles are well established. Fences are like creeds, of no earthly use except for those who, for want of well-established corner-stones, cannot be trusted without them."

"Plenty of that sort of people in the world; but who is dropping into theology now—heresy at that? I'm not sure, either, that your philosophy is any better. It strikes me as somewhat in the putting-your-best-foot-forward style. I'm willing our neighbors should enjoy our beauty and elegance all they please, but I don't propose to spend my substance in order to be seen of men in the light of a public benefactor. Now here is something," said he, producing a design for a rustic orchard-seat, "for the back side of the house. It wants a canopy of low-hanging branches above it, and it occurred to me that we couldn't make a better use of

our unproductive apple-trees that still cumber the ground than by having a croquet set in their midst, with a generous seat near by, where I can watch the game."

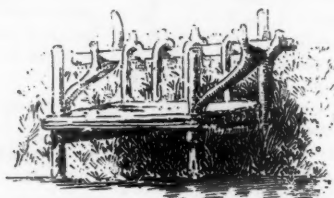
"Why not tennis? Croquet is going out of fashion."

"Isn't room. Besides, our southern neighbor has tennis, and it's glory enough for our neighborhood to see her try to play!"

"But the seat is too pretty to be hidden behind the house, where nobody can see it."

"We shall see it, our friends will see, and who cares for the public?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER IX.

THE week and Rivers are both gone. Belinda's life has returned to its old channel, the channel in which it ran before the party at St. Ursula's. The weather has ceased to be a matter of the slightest interest. It is not of the least consequence what weather there is, or whether there is any weather at all! Done with all its tappings of weather-glasses, watchings of the march of clouds. The door-bell may ring itself off its wire without making her attention swerve by one hair's-breadth from Menander, or interfering at all with the coherence and patience of her answers to her mother-in-law as to the date at which they are going to bury that mother-in-law's husband, whose obsequies appear to have been unaccountably deferred for twenty-five years. There is no more talk of water-parties. Sarah herself, too late convinced of the peril of those excursions, confines herself and her followers to safe games of tennis in well-overlooked public places, where they will have no chance of reading her eyes either right or wrong, or, at all events, of telling her the result of their readings. Mrs. Forth's life has resumed the tame course which it was taking on the day of Sarah's arrival; but how different a spirit now guides it! Whither have flown the sullen discontent, the dull revolt, the rare mirth that bit, and the frequent irony that pricked and stung? Now, if the Professor be cross, she shrugs her shoulders good-humoredly. He is old! He means nothing by it! It is an infirmity. After all, why should she mind? How does it hurt her? If he keeps her slaving long beyond her canonical hours in his close study, why so much the more does she enjoy afterward the breath of the garden and the white pinks bursting so quickly into spicy bloom. If he complain of his affection of heart, liver or spleen, she is equally ready to believe in and

sympathize with each and all, to suggest remedies, or apply them.

Never has Sarah been more puzzled, or her sagacity put more at fault, than by her sister's behavior. For it is not the mood of a day. The consciousness of being observed, and of the necessity for self-control, might have lent her for a while a spurious cheerfulness; but could it have given her that easy, unforced serenity which lasts undimmed through Sarah's stay—which, indeed, shows every symptom of holding out indefinitely beyond it? It is not from the post, as Miss Churchill at first suspected, that she derives her support.

The postman's arrival obviously causes her not a flutter; nor does she exhibit the slightest tendency toward a surreptitious posting of her own letters—worst sign that can appear in a connubial heaven. It is not, then, upon a clandestine correspondence that she is feeding and blooming, so fair and fine. That an undoubtedly hard-working common hand, or, still more, foreman in an iron foundry, would be likely soon to have another leisure week at his disposal, seems to her improbable. That Belinda can be nourishing any hopes of a visit to Milnthorpe, seems to her more improbable still. That, satisfied with the sight of her lost love, she can have settled down contentedly into the perennial jog-trot of an existence without him, seems to her most improbable of all.

She watches her sister narrowly; sees her severe lips surprised now and then into an apparently causeless smile; catches her singing under her breath, as she waters her drouthy plants; sees her staid walk about the garden occasionally inclined to degenerate into a light-hearted run with the dogs. But she does not surprise her secret. And meanwhile time goes on. The yearly gayeties with which the Summer Term at Ox-

bridge conclude are over and gone. Mrs. Forth, chaperoning her sister, has taken part in them all—balls, fêtes, theatre; has seen the Masons dance in their aprons, and heard the undergraduates in all the glory of their immemorial screeching. She has taken part in all, and has apparently enjoyed them with a wholesome temperate gayety; as far removed from the unnatural elation of the Blind Man's Buff, as from the inert gloom of the previous period.

With Term is to end Sarah's visit; and on the day following her departure the Professor is to shoulder his valise for the Bernese Oberland.

The morning on which Mrs. Forth is to lose her sister has come. Sarah is taking her last stroll round the flower-beds, and across the square of sward over which she and Belinda have walked so many miles. Mrs. Forth has just joined her, issuing from the house with the end of a laugh still lingering about her mouth and eyes.

"You seem amused," says the other, turning to meet her. "May I be permitted to inquire the cause?"

"It is nothing!" replies Belinda, bubbling over again with mirth. "It is a shame to laugh at her, only it is so difficult to help it. Mr. Forth has just been reading the Collect for the day to his mother; and at the end she said to him, 'You read very nicely, my dear; and, when you are a little older, you will read better still!'"

Sarah joins in the laugh, but not warmly.

"And this," she says indignantly, "is the companion with whom you are to be left tête-à-tête for four months!"

Belinda bends her charming head in a nod of cheerful acquiescence.

"It is monstrous!" continues Miss Churchill, with a growing energy of ire. "It is beyond belief! I have a good mind, *now*, at the last moment, to give him a piece of my mind! Where is he?" glancing threateningly toward the windows of the house. "Let me take him red-handed in the act of packing his portmanteau!"

There is such a doughty purpose in her voice and her pink porcelain face, that Belinda, seizing her arm in apprehensive detention, cries:

"Do not! It would be no use. Do you remember the proverb about putting the finger *entre l'arbre et l'écorce*? And I—I do not want to go with him."

At the last words, she has turned her head slightly aside.

"Do you think that he would be a pleasant traveling-companion?" she goes on rapidly, perceiving that her sister does not make any rejoinder, but only looks at her searchingly. "Do you remember how ashamed we used to be when he haggled over the groschen at Dresden? A tour with him would be one colossal blush."

"It is a choice of evils, of course," says Sarah dispassionately. "Perhaps my early passion blinds me, but, personally, I should prefer him."

"Should you?"

"Four months!" repeats Miss Churchill, in almost awed reflection. "How many times, at a rough calculation, in four months will you tell her who you are; and that there is a foolish prejudice in favor of burying people before they have been dead twenty-five years?"

"Perhaps I shall end by joining her in the belief that my father-in-law is still above ground," replies Belinda; but she says it in a tone of such unassumed equanimity, that again Sarah regards her with astonishment.

"Four months!" she repeats, a third time. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not *desperate* at such a prospect?"

"Of course I am—desperate!"

But there is not a touch of desperation, or even of milder sadness, in her voice.

"How do you mean to live through it?"

"How do people endure existence on these occasions?"

She has knelt on the spring turf, and is cutting one after one, a score of young and dewy pinks, to comfort her sister during her dusty up-journey; carefully, and with the grudging-hand of a real flower-lover, choosing those that are budless: no easy feat, for there is scarcely one that has not a gray-green successor beneath its perfumed wing.

"Eating, drinking, sleeping, yawning!"

"Are you quite sure that you will have no *other* support?" asks Sarah abruptly, and yet slowly.

For a moment the garden-scissors in Mrs. Forth's hand cease their clipping, and remain suspended and open, like that other pair which snipped her namesake's love-lock, while a dye as opulent as that of the new peony, whose birth the garden-border this morning greeted, stains even the milk-colored nape of her stooped neck.

"I—I—do not know what you mean," she says coldly; "what—what other support should I have?"

"Belinda," says the other, dropping down on the sward beside her, and griping her shaking hand—scissors, pinks and all—in her own little eager clasp, "why should not I come back and keep you company? I may not be a very intellectual companion, but at least I have a firmer hold upon my few facts than has your poor mamma-in-law. Let me come back; we will have Jane down, and Punch shall show her the University"—with a not very assured laugh. "Let me come!"

But the hands so urgently pressed give no answering pressure. Upon the half-averted face comes no glow of sisterly pleasure or acceptance. A senseless suspicion has flashed across Mrs. Forth's mind, that the present proposition on Sarah's part may be an impromptu *fait à loisir*; that it may have been arranged between her and Rivers; that here may lie the secret of his eagerness to repeat his visit; that—in fact whatever angry gibberish jealousy may whisper to a mind ripe and ready for its reception.

Under pretext of resuming her pink-cutting, she has withdrawn her unwillingly-captured hand; but she is no longer careful; the unblown buds fall as freely as the opened flowers.

"And give up Cowes and Scotland?" she says in a dry voice; "and what would granny say?"

"It would not be of the slightest consequence what she said," replies Sarah, smothering bravely a disappointment none the less sharp for being mastered at her sister's reception of her proposal; "you are aware that my grandmother's words have always been to me as the idle wind; which, I believe, is one main reason of the sincere regard and respect that she cherishes for me. If granny is the only stumbling-block—"

"I could not think of being so selfish!" interrupts Belinda hastily, not allowing her sister to finish her sentence.

"There would be no selfishness if I liked it," says Sarah persistently; "and—you may wonder—at my taste, but I *should* like it."

Belinda has risen from her knees, and has turned to a damask rose-bush, to lay it under contribution for her nosegay.

"It is so perfectly unnecessary," she says, cutting feverishly away; "you are tilting against windmills. I make no complaint; I think it no hardship to be alone."

I am not like you, miserable if I am left five minutes to my own society!"

There is such a strain of impatience through her speech, that Sarah reluctantly desists, nor are many more words exchanged between them. The cab is at the door. The luggage—cursed of cabmen—has been hoisted on the top. Punch is, at Mrs. Forth's petition—a petition certainly not backed up by Pug—to be left on a visit to her.

The moment of parting has come. Sarah apparently wishes that that parting shall take place without witnesses. She draws her sister back into the drawing-room, and shuts the door.

"Belinda," she says, when she has somewhat coldly kissed her, looking in her face with a gravity that only once or twice before in the course of their lives has Mrs. Forth seen written on those small gay lineaments; "Belinda, I wash my hands of you; I would have helped you if I could. I have no reason for saying so—I know nothing, and you will tell me nothing; but I cannot help thinking that you are going to the devil, and that you are taking David Rivers with you!"

Then, without another word, she is gone. Without one last look from the cab window, without a farewell friendly hand-wave; forgetting even to bid good-by to the dogs, or take their messages to Jane, she is gone. For some minutes Belinda remains standing on the exact spot at which her sister had left her; remains standing, still and stunned. Then she suddenly throws herself into the Professor's arm-chair, and spreads her hands over her face. She would like not to let a quarter of an inch of it remain uncovered. The light is strong and brutal. She would like to draw the blinds down and shut the shutters. "*Going to the devil, and taking David Rivers with you!*" The blood is singing loudly in her ears. It seems to take the form of these words. Over and over again. The moment the sentence is ended, it begins afresh. How long she lies there—outwardly a log, inwardly a shameful fire—she neither knows nor cares. But after a while, a tide of indignation sets in through all her being, chasing before it the shame, and she sits up.

What disgraceful words for her own sister to apply to her! and what slightest ground, excuse, palliation even, had she for so insulting her? *Going to the devil!* And pray, what is it to go to the devil? Is it to fulfill with nice scrupulosity every tasteless or even nauseous duty of a most dreary life? To sing as she walks her treadmill? To smile patiently over her oakum-picking? To forego her own bright youth, and clip down its rich proportions to the meagre pattern of the dry and crabbed age with which it is mismated? To be a secretary without pay, a drudge without wage, a *souffrir douleur* without hope of enlargement, a prisoner the term of whose incarceration lies in the hands of arbitrary death? If this be to go to the devil, then she is not only going there, but has long ago gone.

She laughs sarcastically, and her feverish limbs carry her up and down the room. If Sarah had given her time, this is how she would have answered her—thus and thus. For a while she walks to and fro, muttering under her breath, framing withering sentences of self-exculpation, that must carry conviction to any mind. But that mood, too, passes. As her wrath—spent and exhausted—subsides, another voice, lower yet more penetrating, takes its place. *Going to the devil!* Is going to the devil to have a husband whose pursuits you abhor, whose infirmities you secretly deride, at whose accidental touch you shiver? Is going to the devil to be speeding with disloyal alacrity that husband's depar-

ture, to be counting the hours to the end of your only sister's visit, to be living and feeding and flourishing upon a hope that you dare not look in the face, that you would sooner die than impart to any soul that breathes? Is this to be going to the devil?

She has again wholly hidden her face with her hands. Again the light seems over-strong and pushing. And plain and distinct, beyond possibility of misapprehension, the answer comes—"Yes! yes! yes!"

A couple of hours later the Professor lifts a head, a good deal reddened and exasperated by long burrowing in the bowels of a portmanteau, to see his pale wife enter his room.

"I came to see whether I could help you," she says gently, though in a spiritless, flat voice.

"The idea has occurred to you somewhat late in the day," replies he ungraciously. "It was fortunate for me that I did not depend upon your offers of assistance, volunteered this morning."

"I was bidding Sarah good-by," she answers apologetically, and without any trace of resentment at his tone.

"She has been gone exactly three hours and a half," replies he dryly, glancing at the clock.

She offers no farther justification, but kneeling down on the floor, lets her hands, which tremble perceptibly, stray rather purposelessly over the books strewn upon the carpet.

"Pray, mind what you are about!" he cries sharply; "you are doing more harm than good."

"They are to go, are they not?" she says, lifting a heavy folio, and looking humbly up at him.

"I am obliged to omit Augustine, Irenæus, and several books of reference, as they would entail very considerable expense upon me in excess of weight," he replies, peering down through his spectacles at his strewn treasures. "I the less regret it, since I am taking no secretary with me—"

How very white her face is! Has she had some sudden scare?

"Why are you not taking a secretary?" she asks in very low voice. "Why—why do you not take me?"

He shifts the focus of his vision from Irenæus to her face; but apparently the latter object gives him less tranquil pleasure than did the former.

"You have never expressed the slightest desire to accompany me," he answers chillingly.

She hangs her head, a guilty consciousness staining her pallor red.

"Have I not? Perhaps I thought that you did not want me."

There is a deliberate pause before he answers, and her heart goes down, down. He is about to accept her offer! But his first words reassure her.

"I can see no object that would be gained by such a change of plan," he replies, in a key that plainly shows his annoyance at the suggestion having been made. "I go in search of health; a quest which you, happily for yourself, have no need to pursue."

She draws a long breath of relief; but now that the danger of acceptance seems less imminent, her scruples return. Sarah's stinging phrase begins to ring again in her ears.

"You—you forget that I shall be all alone here," she says, nervously fidgeting with the already packed portion of the portmanteau.

"You will have my mother."

She shrugs her shoulders.

"She can hardly be reckoned as a companion."

At her capricious and untimely opposition, his forehead gathers into vexed wrinkles.

"Since it appears that your own society has such terrors for you, you are at liberty to invite your sister to come and share your solitude."

Again the guilty head stoops.

"She—she has engagements of her own."

"So I should have imagined," replies he with a disagreeable smile; "but you can scarcely hold me responsible for them."

Another pause. She is aimlessly wrapping paper round one of the volumes that are not wanted, that are not to be taken eruditely tripping to the Alps. She will make one more effort. If that fail, no one, not even Sarah, can blame her.

"Does it not strike you that I shall be very dull here, all by myself?" she asks, timorously eyeing him.

"I have always understood, upon your own authority, that you were indifferent to, if not averse from, amusements," he answers irritably.

"Not now—not now!" she cries feverishly. "Even if I were so formerly, I am not now; and even if I were—to be alone for four months!"

"You exaggerate grossly," returns he sharply. "There are many residents who do not leave Oxbridge until the end of July, and many who return at the beginning of September."

"They will do me no good," she says excitedly. "How will they help me?"

He shrugs his shoulders silently, as who should say that upon one lost in such mazes of inconsequence and irrationality breath would be wasted.

"Do you remember that I am young?" she says, in a hard low voice, rising from her knees and approaching him.

"It is certainly not your fault if I do not," replies he peevishly; "for you are good enough to remind me of the fact often enough."

"It is because you always act as if you forgot it," retorts she, her temper rising under his tone.

"I confess that I fail to see how your juvenility affects the present case," he says satirically.

"Do you?" she answers with a scorching blush, that seems to burn inside as well as outside her. "Some men might think that I was too young to be left to my own devices; that I—I might get into mischief!"

He has taken off his spectacles in order to rub their glasses. He now deliberately replaces them, and regards her attentively through them.

"I presume," he says deliberately, "that that last remark is to be regarded as a pleasantry, though I fail to see the point of it."

"I am so much given to pleasantries," she says bitterly. "We are so apt to joke with one another; are we not?"

"It seemed difficult to treat such an observation seriously," returns he in a measured voice of displeasure. "What mischief, may I ask, are you likely to get into, here under the shelter of your own roof, and in the quiet performance of your regular duties? I cannot but think that the alarm under which you labor is an unnecessary one."

For all answer, she turns abruptly away, the infinitely difficult confession which she was half-heartedly struggling to make to him frozen back by his gibe.

"You have evidently a most flattering confidence in me," she says, adopting his tone. "I do not quite know what I have done to deserve it!"

As a reply, the Professor turns thoughtfully back to his folios, weighing the dispensability or indispensa-

bility as a traveling companion of each, with an air of having dismissed the subject, and of resolutely waiving farther consideration of so senseless a matter.

His wife stands dubiously watching him.

"I do not know why we are sneering at each other," she says at last, in a disturbed voice. "I had not any intention of sneering when I came here. I came to ask you in all—good faith" (he does not perceive the slight hesitation which prefaces the last two words) "to take me with you—will you?"

To so point-blank an appeal he must provide an answer of some kind; though nothing can be clearer than that he would rather have relegated the affair to the limbo of a contemptuous silence.

"I am unable to understand you," he says, with slow annoyance. "At the last moment, and when my plans are fully matured, and could only be remodeled at great inconvenience to myself, you suddenly appear with a proposal entirely to disintegrate them. Had you any good reasons to show—" (She had good reasons enough, God wot! but looking at the unlovely and unloving rigor of his face, she feels that to die—to be flayed alive—whatever things, in short, have been reckoned hardest of endurance since the world was, are but as child's play compared to what the telling them to him would be.) "Since, then," he continues, with an air of judicial coldness, and not thinking it worth while to finish his former sentence, "it is dictated merely by a puerile caprice—"

"It is not caprice," she stammers urgently, in pained excitement.

"If it is not caprice, nothing can be easier than to prove it," rejoins he coolly, and so turns again on his heel.

Behind his back she makes a gesture as of one that throws up a game. Is he not in the right? Has he not a show of reason and justice on his side? Why not acquiesce without farther kicking against the pricks? But yet something drives her to a last attempt. Although thrice baffled, although at each new discomfiture her heart has sprung up in joyful relief, she will press her suit once more.

"You know that women never have any reasons to give," she says with a laugh that has borrowed something from its opposite—a sob, and in a gentler voice than that which she is wont to think soft enough for converse with him; "but sometimes their instincts lead them right. I—I think that you had better take me with you!"

Envenomed by her pertinacity, he wheels round upon her viciously.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to expose your reasons," he says, "premising, that is to say, that they are such as a person of ordinary common sense can permit himself to listen to."

"I should not be much in your way," she says humbly, and going so far—for her it is immensely far—as to lay her fair hand on his coat-sleeve; "of course my society would be no great gain to you, but I could make myself useful; I could pack and unpack for you; I have learned your ways thoroughly by this time. It would be odd" (with a sad little laugh) "if I had not; and if you had one of your attacks I could nurse you!"

She has made her plea, and with eyes that feel dry, and breath that comes short, awaits its prosperity or miscarriage. For a while he eyes her with silent suspicion.

"It would be a most unnecessary expense," he says at last, shortly.

"I should not expect, I should not wish for, any

luxuries," she answers, her pleading growing, perhaps, the more earnest from her consciousness of the intensity of the wish for its ill success that goes with it. "I drink no wine, and I do not eat much."

"Pshaw!" retorts he, with angry ridicule; "are you simple enough to suppose that the hotel tariffs vary according to the number of mouthfuls you swallow?"

"I have no objection to traveling third-class; I should never ask for a sitting-room; I am quite capable of roughing it," she urges tremulously.

"No doubt! no doubt!" he answers tartly; "all the same, you would more than double the expense."

"And if I did?" she says firmly—for is not this her last appeal, and is she not bound to make it no pretense, but a real and thoroughly earnest one?—"what need that matter to you? You are well off, and"—lowering her voice a little—"you have no one to come after you."

Perhaps the plea is not a judicious one. No man likes to be reminded that he will stand or fall alone; that he is without a stake in the generations to come. At all events, on hearing it, his features assume a look even more acrid than that which they wore before.

"I must request you to consider the subject as closed," he says with a decision against which there is no appeal. "I have, for reasons which appear sufficient to myself—and I ask no other arbiter—come to a final decision upon it; pray, let us hear no more of it."

"As you please," she answers, bowing acquiescently a head whose cheeks have suddenly resumed their carnations, and its eyes their young dance; "I suppose, as you say, that you know your own affairs best, but I think I have heard that there is such a thing as being 'penny wise and pound foolish.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MORMON WAY.

BY BELINDA BLENHEIM.

THE circumstances under which we took Janet were a little peculiar, but there seemed to be no help for it. I was ill with neuralgia and the baby cross, and cook had vanished like the Arab—"silently stole away"—only the articles she took were of more value than the "way." Janet presented herself, and looked the treasure that we soon found her to be. She had just landed, she said, from the Old Country, and had heard from an old friend, Mrs. Baker, that I was in need of a servant, and lost no time in applying for the situation. Of course she had no references, and if there had been smooth sailing at our house I would not have been so rash as to engage her at once. But I did it, and within a month had decided that I had done wisely. Janet on her part made one stipulation, and that was that I keep no other servant. She said she was willing and able to do all the work of the house. She had resolved long ago to never serve in any family where she could not be entirely alone in doing it. It was such an extraordinary event for a person to want extra work, that I was surprised but only too willing to accede to her terms in that respect. We lived in a small city about one hundred miles from the seaboard, and "help" was never too plenty.

Janet brought up the rear of a long series of incapables who condescended to accept our wages in consideration of their own incapacity, and we did not at first believe in her virtues—we called her, between ourselves, the "new broom"—but as time wore on she became a treasure in every sense of the word. We came finally to look upon her as the devoted friend of the family. She appeared to have no other object in life than our comfort and well-being. Not that she ever said so, or that she was at all demonstrative. She was far from that—in fact, no one could be less so—but all her actions went to show it. She was a woman of, I should judge, forty years of age when she first came to us. She had been a servant in first-class families in the "Old Country," and had that look of concentration in her face that we so seldom see in the countenances of domestics in America. She told me on first coming that she could neither read or write, which I thought a great pity, but she did not seem to care about it. She said

she had more time to see about her proper business than those who were in the habit of reading when they should be working; but, if she could not read, I soon found her memory to be excellent. Having read a cooking recipe to her once, I never had to repeat it, even if it were months before I ordered the article again. If anything was misplaced in the house, it was Janet who always found it or could remember having seen it. I got in the way of telling her a great deal of our "ins and outs," and quite enjoyed conversing with her about any little affair I was interested in; and her suggestions and counsel, though never offered unless asked, and then in the most modest and humble way, were often of great value to me. She never intruded on us with any familiarity in consequence of our partiality for her.

But she was not an angel by any means, as one might suppose after hearing this account of her. Her temper was often on a "high" for days together, and she made it quite uncomfortable for us, as every knowing servant can do. Not by disrespectful words or any inattention to specified orders, but by neglecting the little things that she was so famous for remembering, and by frequently tossing her head and muttering unintelligible phrases. She never broke any dishes in my house, but the way she rattled them about on her "days" made me tremble for my china. When we were awakened in the morning with the shutters banging open, and the windows slammed, and all the hosts of the Chaldeans tramping about in the kitchen, we knew that one of Janet's tantrums was on hand, and you may be sure the children avoided her domains for that day. We were so heartily fond of her that these outbreaks, which in another servant would have been followed by dismissal, we quietly ignored, and accepted the evil along with so much good that its baleful influence was scarcely minded. I early found that to soothe or coax her in any way only made matters worse, and the best remedy I ever hit upon was giving her a little extra work to do. As she was the only servant we kept, we could easily do that.

When my little boy was ill, and gradually faded away from us, Janet's kind sympathy was untiring. I shall never cease to remember her devotion during those sor-

rowful times. It was into her faithful arms I laid him when fatigue and exhaustion compelled me to take rest, and when the last moments of his dear life had passed away it was Janet who sustained my fainting form, and to whose prudence and care I owe my own safety after a long illness.

By these things and a thousand others she endeared herself to us, and we felt that we could never be parted from her while life lasted. My husband provided for Janet, by will, in case of his death and mine, so that her future was safe; and when we told her of it she did not thank us in words, but showed her gratitude in her own peculiar manner, and I think she did not have another tantrum for a month.

Such was the condition of things at the beginning of her ninth year of service in our family. She had been with us in joy and in sorrow, had fondled my new-born babes, and had laid in his little coffin our only son. Her interests and ours seemed identical, and we would just as soon have thought of sending one of our own little ones away from us as to part with Janet. Her health was apparently good. She seemed strong and well; but had she become a helpless invalid her home would have been still with us. She had no relatives in America except a third or fourth cousin, whom she visited on her afternoons out, and on Sunday evenings. Her mother in the Old Country died when Janet had been with us about three years. She seldom heard from her father, and her sisters and brothers all had their own little families, so that it really seemed that her only home was with us.

One memorable morning—memorable for many a day and year in the calendar of our family history—she came into the room while we were at breakfast, and placing some hot cakes at the side of my plate made this remark: "Mrs. St. John, I am afraid, ma'am, these cakes are not so nice as usual, but I hope you will forgive me for all." It was a very strange thing for her to say, and I looked up in surprise. She had a most unusual look in her face. It was a mixture of *terror* and *resolve*. It struck me at the time because I had dreamed such an odd thing about her just before I awoke that very morning. I thought she was kneeling to an image of brass and saying, "*Oh, spare me! spare me!*" in agonizing supplication, and with the very look on her face that I saw now. Thinking of my dream, I looked at her closely, but only said, "There's nothing amiss with the cakes, Janet," and she left the room. The cakes proved to be more than usually delicious, and as I rang for more I remarked to Mr. St. John that Janet must have said that to get extra praise for her cooking; and we all smiled, and waited to smile at her. We waited in vain. She did not answer the summons, and after ringing again I stepped into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of the delay. Janet was not there, and I could not find her. I called Mr. St. John, and together we went to her bedroom, and from there all over the house, but no Janet was to be found. All through the day I expected her to walk in at any moment, and busied my mind wondering how on earth she could account for her conduct; but when night came, and no Janet, I grew alarmed, and my husband went out and hunted up her only acquaintance, Mrs. Baker, but she had seen or heard nothing of her since the Sunday previous. Mr. St. John then went to the police-station and gave notice of her disappearance. An officer returned with him to the house and another vain search was made. Her trunk and all her clothing and personal effects were in their proper places. Nothing had been removed, apparently. The officer was of the opinion

that she had taken a situation more to her liking, and had dreaded saying anything about it to me, and so took this easy method of making the change. But we scouted the idea. It was simply impossible of belief, knowing Janet as we did. The officer shrugged his shoulders, and no doubt thought us a parcel of fools. After he had retired, Charles said he feared we must come to it sooner or later that the man's theory was right; but I knew better, and would not believe it, though it seemed the only feasible explanation. Nelly, my eldest daughter, remembered to have heard voices in the kitchen the night before, while we were at the opera, but supposed Mrs. Baker was paying Janet a visit as she sometimes did of an evening.

Weeks and months passed away and no tidings came of our dear old servant. We locked her room and allowed no one to enter it, leaving her things exactly as she left them. This was done by the advice of the police officer for some reason known best to himself. He admitted by this time that Janet could not have taken another situation in the city, as she would have been found ere this had such been the case. The story had been noised about a good deal at the time.

At last Charles advertised a reward of one thousand dollars for any information which might lead to her whereabouts, living or dead. A detective came out from Philadelphia to look it up. He examined the house from top to bottom, but did not give us any encouragement. He spent more than an hour in Janet's old room, and when he departed he said that if we heard from him at all it would be very soon. Charles thought from something the man said, some word that he dropped, that he had found a clue. But we lost all hope when three weeks had gone by and no message had come. I was thoroughly disheartened anyhow, and my nerves were wrought up to such a pitch that I started at every sound.

One evening, just five months after Janet's mysterious disappearance, the door-bell rang, and Charles (in the absence of Janet's successor), going to the door, found there the detective officer, accompanied by another man. My husband showed them into the library, and after an interview of about an hour he came to me to ask me to join them. He was looking very grave, and I saw that he had some news. "Compose yourself, Maria," he said, for I was trembling with nervousness. "I am afraid you will be very much shocked." You may be sure his remark did not tend to compose me; but I accompanied him to the library, and there, dear reader, I passed through such a scene of astonishment, indignation and sorrow as I hope to be spared again. Many years have passed since that hour, but I can this moment recall vividly the painful sensations I experienced that evening in the library.

For Janet, whom we loved and whom we trusted so implicitly, was, during all the years she was in our home, the *paid spy* of a secret society. She was an educated woman, and imposing upon us by her affectation of ignorance, had free access to all our letters, papers and correspondence. She had placed, or caused to be placed, a wire from her room to our family sitting-room, and by that means could put herself in possession of all our private conversation. This was long before the introduction of the telephone to the world, but the principles had been used by that society for years. The detective, Mr. Jenks, said that the discovery of one end of the wire, from which the receiver had been evidently suddenly removed, was the clue he found. He had known of that society having used wires in that way before. I was very seldom in Janet's room, and we suppose that

some of her belongings were used to conceal the arrangement. The other end of the wire in the sitting-room was adjusted in a ventilating flue out of immediate sight. The man who accompanied Mr. Jenks belonged to the society, but had been induced to betray its secrets up to a certain limit for a consideration. Why they needed a spy in our family, or what benefit they derived from it, the man did not know or would not tell, and we have never since ascertained. He said there were hundreds of spies in every large city at the bidding of the society. We could learn nothing from him of the name and nature or the objects of the association. He would answer no questions which did not bear directly on the disappearance of our old servant. Charles inquired where Janet was now, and after some hesitation the man said she was sent to London and placed in the household of a nobleman. Just as he was leaving he seemed to be touched by my evident sorrow, and volunteered the information that Janet was greatly distressed

at being obliged to leave us, and had besought in vain to be spared the necessity, but she was altogether too useful a tool to be left at any place one moment longer than the demands of the society required.

The man evidently knew all about the whole affair, and we were compelled to believe his story by the proofs that he gave. We have never seen him since, nor do we know his name nor his place of residence. And we do not even know whether Mrs. Baker was in the plot. She had left the city some time before the *dénouement*.

A few years later, while traveling in England, we saw Janet for one instant in a carriage as it whirled past our own. Swift as was the recognition I saw that it was mutual, and though I experienced a pang of sorrow, I was glad to notice that she looked conscience-stricken.

Recent public events have given name and shape to our theories of the case, and I give it for what it is worth in the title to my true story.

THE HOUSEHOLD—A NEW LEAF.

BLASÉ travelers tell us (though they grumble at our climate) that a land of perpetual summer soon becomes a land of perpetual indifference, and that the buffetings of a Northern winter enhance tenfold the charms of a Northern summer. Perhaps it is well, even if it provokes a satirical smile, that the sense of our shortcomings is brought home to us, that we may gladly accept new starting-points and take delight in "turning over a new leaf."

It is a pity if we do not grow any wiser as we grow older. But we do grow wiser. As housekeepers we certainly do learn by experience, and picking up a hint here and a novel suggestion there, we weave them in with our own dear-bought wisdom, and are able every year to see some additional capacities in ourselves and capabilities in our homes. It is an important aid to this progress if we are not afraid of new beginnings, which the new year so aptly suggests.

Every good housekeeper's system is presumably the best for her own family; for housekeeping, above all other practical arts, must be flexible, and fitted immediately to the needs of the individual. But none is perfect. We can all find something desirable to incorporate with our own. It is one of the delightful peculiarities of a home that it takes in everything. Nothing is more universal. Simple though it seems, nothing is more complex. In our home arrangements we subtly express the most intangible parts of ourselves. We turn ourselves into life.

Economy should be a woman's forte—not a penny-wise and stingy faculty, but the perfect adjustment of means to ends. It should be, not only because this distribution naturally falls to her share, but because she has by nature a gift for details. It is by a wise organization that the home will express the higher nature, and subordinate the physical without degrading it. Do we put our best wisdom into our housekeeping? Do we, as a rule, order our household arrangements with deliberate purpose, or do we, by the force of habit, submit to being dragged along from day to day, seeking to satisfy the daily demands, but without much regard to any comprehensive plan? Do we enough insist upon the higher ends of existence in this division of time and money which virtually decides the actual outcome of our lives?

There is much more room for choice in the administra-

tion of even a small income than one is apt to believe at first thought. It is not the luxuriousness of wealth that is enviable, but the broader and more various outlets and inlets which it offers for life. Every income may be studied with reference to these possibilities, and the result will often be surprising.

An hour's serious consideration of so homely a subject as *the uses of money*, with last year's expense-book beside her, and pencil and note-book in hand would, perhaps, suggest to almost every house-mother some portion of her economy in which she might wisely turn over a new leaf. If she has not a well-kept account-book to refer to, that is the first leaf to turn.

Comfort and elegance in dress, table-service, furniture, equipages—all the surroundings of our lives—these are good and desirable when they do not involve the sacrifice of anything more important; but it is well to remember that they are not the chief objects of life, nor the ends for the attainment of which homes are ordained. If we do not desire for our children better things than these, if we do not assume for them higher responsibilities, we are promoting that dangerous tendency toward an exaggerated respect for wealth, and a corresponding depreciation of character, which is the growing peril of our nation and our time.

As American mothers, let us, while considering the division of time and the apportionment of income, not forget, in the maintenance of health and comfort in our households, the equally important claims of intellectual life, religion, social development, human helpfulness, and the high ideals of a pure pursuit of truth and beauty.

D. H. R. GOODALE.

Summer Dishes.

"I HAVE found out why we have such warm weather," said a nonsense-loving friend the other day. And in reply to our "Why?" he went on: "So we would freely enjoy and appreciate such delicious cooling dishes as these."

That is only a man's view of the case, but those who have an active finger in the pie, pudding and cake of everyday life are inclined to think that cold dishes were invented to make the weather more endurable instead of the weather to give an added charm to some dainty concoction.

This article is not intended for those who have a cook

who can make everything to perfection, but for such readers of *THE CONTINENT* as are obliged to attend to the various matters pertaining to the table themselves, and to see more especially to the getting up of the dessert, which is sure to suffer at the hands of inexperienced "help."

Many servants, after a little training, are capable of being left in charge of the first part of the dinner, when it is once put under way; and if the dessert can be planned some time beforehand, the busy housekeeper may secure some leisure time, which without a little forethought and planning on her part would have to be spent in the heated kitchen; so any dishes which can be made early in the morning possess an attraction; and when they add to this recommendation the fact that they are toothsome and desirable, they immediately rise to a place of importance, which they are apt to hold for a considerable time.

Custards are the most simple and easily-made desserts, but they must be boiled or baked to just the correct turn, or they are, also, the most unsatisfactory. They should be smooth and thick, like cream; but they have a way of curdling in a most unexpected manner, which leads one to believe in the total depravity of inanimate things.

A good custard is made by taking five eggs to each quart of milk. While the milk is put over the fire in a custard boiler, the yolks of the eggs are well beaten, three teaspoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of flour mixed smooth in a very little milk or water added to them. As soon as the milk is on the point of boiling, the mixture is poured in and the whole stirred until it begins to boil. It must then be removed immediately from the fire and poured into a dish or cups. The whites of the eggs are beaten to a stiff froth and put on the top. The custard should be perfectly cold when served, and if it has been three or four hours on the ice it is all the better.

With the above as the foundation, several varieties may be made by using different kinds of flavors. Lemon or orange peel put in the milk when first put on and removed before the eggs are added, with lemon or orange juice stirred in, just before pouring into the cups, gives a much pleasanter flavor of either fruit than if extracts of any kind are used. It makes a most delicious chocolate custard by adding one cupful of grated chocolate to the eggs before pouring them into the milk, then proceeding as before. A cupful of grated, or, as is sometimes more convenient, desiccated cocoanut may be used. This should be stirred in just before taking from the fire. Three teaspoonfuls of pulverized sugar and three of the cocoanut can be added to the whites of the eggs before putting them over the top of the custard.

By adding apple and spices a still different kind of custard is made. The custard should be poured into a large dish and allowed to cool. Two cupfuls of apples, prepared as for apple-sauce and put through a sieve, are sweetened to taste; a teaspoonful of cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg stirred into them, and the whole beaten into the custard, which is then put into cups or a glass dish. To make a custard which will be almost solid when cold, use, instead of the teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch.

Peach-cream makes a pleasant variety from ice-cream. The stones and skins are removed from very ripe, meaty peaches, which are then passed through a hair sieve. To each cupful of pulp add a cupful of pulverized sugar, and beat together. Whip a cupful of sweet, thick cream for each cupful of pulp, mix gently together and put in a freezer to freeze. Rich-flavored apples may be substituted for the peaches, or bananas or apricots may be used.

Ice-cream, frozen puddings, fruit-creams and water-ices may be made with very little trouble if one of the patent freezers is used; and, indeed, very successful work can be done with a tall, slim tin pail. The freezer or pail must be surrounded with ice broken up into small pieces and rock salt—a layer of ice and a layer of salt—until it

reaches the top of the freezer. The cream should be stirred until solid, then well covered and left in the ice until wanted. For a most excellent ice-cream the following recipe should be used: To one quart of milk add three pints of cream, two cupfuls of pulverized sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten light, and one tablespoonful of any kind of flavoring preferred; stir well together and pour into the freezer without cooking.

Any kind of fruit may be added to this before freezing. Pineapples, bananas and peaches are particularly nice. Pineapple should be peeled, cut into very thin slices and chopped; peaches cut into thin slices as for the table, and bananas peeled and mashed. Chocolate ice-cream is made by grating the chocolate, adding one cupful to half the milk called for in the above recipe, and letting it boil five minutes; when it is perfectly cold put it with the other pint of milk, and proceed as if for the plain cream.

Ice-creams may be colored by several harmless substances, but we prefer them white. Beets sliced and boiled in water, then strained through a jelly-bag, squeezing well, makes a lovely red. Spinach leaves, pounded in a little water, which should then be strained and boiled, will color green. A little bit of saffron steeped in water, squeezed and strained, gives a rich yellow. All the above may be used to advantage to color water-ices. For these a drop or two of milk will give a pearly white.

Lemons make a very refreshing drink in warm weather when mixed rightly with water and sugar, and when made into a water-ice or sherbet are still more delightful to thirsty mortals. A good lemon-ice is made by allowing the juice of six lemons to each quart of water. It must be made sweeter than for lemonade, as some of the sweetness freezes out of it. After it is mixed it is put into a freezer and frozen the same way as ice-cream. When partly frozen the whites of two eggs beaten may be stirred in; and gelatine, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each quart of water, may be used to make it a trifle thick. The gelatine is dissolved by pouring the water on boiling hot. It is then strained and let get perfectly cold before proceeding farther. Orange-ice is made in the same way, using oranges in place of lemons.

The juice of any fresh fruit—currants, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, blackberries and grapes—may be used to make water-ices. The juice is pressed from the fruit as for jelly, and the above recipe may be followed for each.

Any of the coloring matter mentioned may be used to give the ice a deeper tint, but it is well, perhaps, to remember that a deep yellow tint in orange or lemon-ice, and a deep red in most fruit-ices, seem to add a richness to the flavor; that a white tint makes them seem to have more substance than when clear, but that green, is not very desirable, even for novelty.

MRS. BUSTRAND.

It frequently happens that wheat or rye flour, in spite of the greatest care in baking, yields an inferior loaf, and the failure is commonly attributed to adulteration; but, when submitted to investigation, neither microscopic nor chemical tests reveal any adulteration. Such flour is returned to the miller or dealer as unfit for use. The miller says the flour was injured by the heating of the stones, and the dealer attributes the defect to the circumstance that the sun must have shone upon the sacks during transportation. It has been proved by numerous experiments that flour cannot bear the action of the sun, even when not exposed directly to its rays. When flour is exposed to the heat of the sun an alteration takes place in the gluten similar to that produced by the heating of the stones. For this reason it is advisable that the transportation of flour should take place, if possible, on cool days, or by night; also that flour should be stored a cool place.



ONE of our contemporaries takes us to task for overstating the age of Senator Edmunds in our "Presidential Possibilities," and kindly attributes the fact to "gross ignorance." We did not state his age at all, and certainly were not ignorant of it. At the same time, the fact that we wrote as if regarding him as older than those with whom he is compared, is a fair illustration of the general impression concerning him. The abounding vitality of some men is almost a perennial youth to them. Mr. Blaine's beard may grow gray, but he is not likely ever to grow old. Mr. Edmunds may be yet in the maturity of his powers, but for some reason or other he gives out the impression of age, and this impression is not less fatal to his chances for the nomination than the fact itself would be. We thought of him as sixty while we wrote. He is but fifty-five. Yet General Sherman at sixty-three impresses one as a much younger man.

AMONG the many comments upon our "Presidential Possibilities," perhaps the most amusing are found in a sturdy Democratic exchange, which believes that we are working for an appointment under a Republican President by seeking to induce the Democratic party to nominate General Butler. The editor is tolerably well known as a Republican, but even if he were not, it is a pretty long stretch of imagination to found on our few words concerning General Butler any such deep and dark conspiracy as is attributed to us. Very fortunately, too, we have no longing for a place under any administration. We took our dose of official life early, and got enough of it. Politics as a field of thought and activity is broader than party, and every man who has his own political convictions is not necessarily a seeker for office. We simply desired to call our readers' attention to what in racing parlance might be called "the entries up to date," with the known facts, favorable or unfavorable.

A PAMPHLET by Professor Thomson attempts to revive the old, old controversy as to the policy and right of the general government to collect revenues from the people in excess of its own wants for the purpose of distributing the surplus among the states. We deem it unfortunate for the advocates of a protective tariff that Professor Thomson's idea is admittedly and openly designed simply to avoid by this means the reduction of import duties. The struggle between a protective tariff and one for revenue only is close enough at best, without the former being burdened with so questionable a doctrine as that advanced in this pamphlet. Protection to American industry should not be hampered by any repetition of the experiment of 1838. If protection cannot be achieved without resort to such a distribution of the surplus revenue it is not likely to remain in the ascendant. The American people will never consent, for any considerable period, that revenue should be collected from the people on one basis of representation merely to be distributed to the states on another and very different basis. If the general government has nothing better to do with the revenue it collects from the

people than to confer gratuities upon, or make unsecured and uncollectable loans to the states, the people will be sure to conclude that it would better attend to its own affairs and leave the states to pay the debts it offers no machinery to collect, or refuse to pay them as they see fit. We are so strongly convinced of the policy of protection that we are bound to protest against its being burdened with this unnecessary weight.

IF Mr. Smalley had used either his eyes or his nose while engaged in the preparation of his article on the Committee of One Hundred, and the miracles it has wrought in Philadelphia, he would have been a little less fulsome in his laudation of that self-constituted directorate. For what they have done they have taken due care that they shall lose no credit, but the condition of the city's streets and its water supply are enough to suggest to a man who has the ordinary senses of sight and smell that in this case some weightier matters have been hidden by an undue regard for "mint and cummin." A committee of millionaires may be trusted to look out for the reduction of taxation, but the health or wholesomeness of the city hardly come within their anxious care.

IF it be true, as is currently reported, that Senator Hoar refused to preside at the Harvard alumni dinner because Governor Butler was to be present, he committed an act of puerile petulance which would be ludicrous were it not that the position that he holds gives it a graver tone. As president of the association he had a public duty to perform. To shirk it because of his personal dislike was unworthy of the occasion, and an impeachment of his own power of self-control, or an exaltation of himself above the office which he held.

"I SAID in my haste that all men are liars," says the Psalmist. One feels when he reads the advertisement of the summer resort and then views the place with the naked eye that the prophet might have taken his time and gotten farther from the truth.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," was the burden of an eloquent discourse from a minister whose salary was overdue. So great was its effect upon his hearers that not one could be found to manifest any desire to deprive the pastor of the greater blessing.

THE CONTINENT welcomes Mr. Robert S. Davis again to the field of journalism, this time as the manager and chief proprietor of the *News*, an evening paper of this city, which is to be increased in size, multiplied in interest and reduced in price under his control. The field of evening journalism in Philadelphia is one already so well filled as to deter most men from undertaking such an enterprise, but Mr. Davis is not a man to hesitate in what he undertakes. Being a man of ceaseless activity and ample for-

tune, he can afford to despise obstacles that might overwhelm others. He was the projector and originator of OUR CONTINENT, and during his connection with it was its sole manager and director. After four months, finding himself unable to endure the strain resulting from overwork, he withdrew entirely from the ownership and control. With restored health THE CONTINENT wishes him prosperity in his new venture. Besides being a man of ceaseless activity, Mr. Davis is an author of no mean celebrity. Having always written under a *nom de plume*, he is hardly known as such, but we are informed upon the best authority that he has refused offers for the copyright of his works, the proffer of which would intoxicate most writers of fiction. With his experience, ability and peculiar fitness for the work he has undertaken, he can hardly fail to secure for the *News*, in a very short time, a most conspicuous position among the journals of its class. May it exceed the full measure of his hope is the earnest wish of his co-laborers of THE CONTINENT.

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THE nomination of Mr. Hoadly by the Democrats and the decision of the Supreme Court sustaining the recent liquor-tax act, have greatly increased the probabilities of Republican success in Ohio. Mr. Hoadly was undoubtedly nominated under the impression that the "tidal wave" movement of last fall had not lost its force, and that men who might claim kinship on either side of the line that separates parties would have better chances of success than more pronounced partisans. In this the Democrats will find themselves mistaken. The Republican situation in Ohio does not seem to have any of the elements which characterized that in other states last autumn. There is no division, no lethargy, and they have wisely chosen a nominee whose record, while unquestionable, yet contains no element of offense toward any other leader of the party. The chances, which a fortnight ago were decidedly with the Democrats, are now quite as decidedly with their opponents. The course of Mr. Allen G. Thurman, Jr., in reference to Mr. Hoadly is significant, not so much because he is the son of a great leader, as because he represents the real sentiment of a great class of Ohio Democrats.

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No finer illustration exists of English conservatism, philistinism or stupidity—the reader may take choice of terms according to his appreciation of English traits—than the late discussion by press and Parliament of the long-contested bill legalizing the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife. The law prohibiting such marriages was originally based upon a supposed Scriptural injunction, but the reality of this injunction has long been questioned. Be that as it may, a bill for the repeal of the law has been annually brought before Parliament, and as regularly rejected in the House of Lords, for many years, by, however, steadily-decreasing majorities, until at last, under the leadership, as the *Saturday Review* puts it, of "a few wealthy law-breakers"—meaning, probably, the Prince of Wales and his immediate following—the bill was passed by a vote of 165 to 158. We have nothing to say in defense of the prince's moral character; its goodness or badness has naught to do with the validity of the arguments for and against. Providence sometimes causes the devil himself to champion the right—by which no disrespect is intended to his Royal Highness—but we set out to enumerate some of the arguments used by the opposition.

In the course of the debate Lord Bramwell is reported to have drawn a picture of a man and woman in every way fitted for each other, and with that reasonable mutual affection for one another without which matrimony should not be contracted, but who could not legally marry, because the woman's sister had during her life been the wife of the man. "Perhaps," says the *Saturday Review*, "Lord Bramwell will explain what single phrase in this argument fails to justify at least a second marriage with a

man's own sister. She is presumably as well suited to him in age as his wife's sister, certainly suited to him in station, and probably more suited in disposition than any stranger in blood. . . . The acutest Judge on the Bench may be very respectfully asked to point out a single flaw in the analogy." The American public is ready to accept the *Review's* estimates of the acuteness of English Judges, but surely the average schoolboy will detect the fallacy in an instant. We will not even affront the intelligence of our readers by pointing it out. Such talk as this, from people who do not halt at marriages of consanguinity between first cousins, suggests "straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel." The plain common sense of the whole matter is this: Here are two unmarried sisters. A man may marry either of them in the first instance, if she will have him. He actually does marry one of them, and she presently dies. What possible reason can there be why the other, after a decent lapse of time, should not be eligible to marry the man whom she might properly have accepted a few years before? The Church of England, through its bishops, says loftily that it is forbidden by canon law, and argument is therefore unnecessary; but somehow that does not seem to satisfy this matter-of-fact age, and the bishops must stand aside. In fact, the practice of the Roman Church, from which the English canon is confessedly derived, permits "dispensations" in this particular, which is positive evidence that the law was never regarded as of divine, and therefore unalterable, authority. The State cannot compel the Church to revise its own laws, and marriage with the objectionable sister will for a time be outlawed so far as the establishment is concerned. There must be clergymen, however, who dissent from the views of the bishops, and these will ere long demand protection in case they should see fit to perform the marriage ceremony in the case of a man and the sister of his former wife. Among thinking people this cannot but be regarded as a step toward reasonable and regulated liberty—not by any means toward the laxity and license which the opponents of the measure seem to fear.

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THE CONTINENT has always found its subscribers to be its best friends. Our first direct appeal was made to them a little more than a year ago. In response, they more than doubled our subscription list in the next three months. Almost all of our original subscribers yet hold their places on our books. In consideration of their kind offices in the past, we offer them a new opportunity to serve themselves and THE CONTINENT at the same time. This offer is so exceedingly liberal that we can only leave it open for a limited period. We will extend the time of any present subscriber, who before the first of September shall send us new subscribers for one year at three dollars, as follows: for one new subscriber, we will extend the subscription three months; for two subscribers, seven months; and for three subscribers, one year. These are *Midsummer Offers*, remaining open only during July and August, and they will apply only to those who are subscribers at the present time. See advertisement in this number.

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THE fact that Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines has again been successful in her suit against the city of New Orleans, calls to mind a reply she made in the hearing of the writer some years ago, to the inquiry whether she was religiously inclined or not. "Well, no," she said, "I do not suppose I would be called religious, but you just ought to hear me pray when I am in a very tight place."

The laugh that attended this novel declaration showed that her cheerful French blood was to be credited with that courage which has kept her bright and hopeful through the most remarkable legal contest ever known. Not only is it fifty-one years since the struggle began, but it has developed more surprises, and been attended with

more marvels than any other case in the history of litigation. That a disowned daughter should succeed in establishing a marriage of which her mother could find no proof forty years before is of itself sufficiently wonderful, but it is as nothing in comparison with the further fact that she also established the will of her father, which was only guessed to have been in existence at his death, and secured its probate nearly half a century afterwards. The more the case is examined the more incredible becomes the courage, persistency and labor by which, after half a century of litigation, this remarkable woman has achieved a final victory.

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DR. FIELD's picturesque record of recent travel, "On the Desert,"¹ will have a special interest for biblical students, from the fact that much space is given to a defense of Moses and to a discussion of the Hebrew commonwealth and its laws. The journey begins with the spring of 1882, when Dr. Field left Cairo for Suez and the Desert, and the details of the journey, including a dinner with Arabi Bey, of whom he writes appreciatively, are told simply but vividly. He is inclined to like many points in the Arab character, and his description of it is both sympathetic and faithful. In their utter carelessness for the future and their enjoyment of the present they have many points in common with the African race. "No matter how old an Arab may be, how many suns and moons have rolled over his head, he remains to the day of his death as truly a child as when he was born into the world. Not only does he not know how to read and write, but he does not know his own age. He cannot tell the day, or even the year, of his birth. I doubt if one of our Bedaween could tell his age within five, even if he could within ten, years. Indeed he has no idea of time any more than of distance. Ask him how far it is to such a wady or such a camping-ground? He will answer, 'A good way.' Indeed he never measures distance by miles, but only by hours, and even of these his ideas are of the vaguest kind. Ask him how long since such a thing happened, and he will answer, 'A good while ago.' As he has no clear memory of the present, so he has no forecast of the future. Like a child, he lives only in the present; like a child, he acts wholly from impulse, upon the feeling of the moment; like a child, his chief delight is in telling stories and in listening to them. The tales of the 'Arabian Nights' are simply a series of brilliant pictures of what may be witnessed still when a group gathers about a story-teller in the bazaars of Cairo or Damascus, or round any camp-fire on the Desert. A people who are thus but children must be treated like children—not like full-grown men. It is useless to present to them formal propositions or arguments. I should no more think of reasoning with a Bedawee than of reasoning with a baby. Give him backsheesh, and that he can understand, but argument he cannot understand. Try to govern him by appealing to his conscience or his common sense, and you will make a dismal failure. He has little power of reflection or of judgment, and a very imperfect germ of a moral nature. The ordinary standard by which he measures men or actions is by the amount of backsheesh they give. A good man is one who gives 'plenty backsheesh,' he who refuses this is to be accursed."

Dr. Field was known as the "Father of Backsheesh," and seems to have lived up to his reputation. Yet, even when most grateful, religious fanaticism in his beneficiaries overcame every other feeling and prompted every imaginable curse on the unbelievers when they could be pronounced unheard. As a record of travel the book is a very charming one; as holding much hope for the future of the Arab, it is eminently discouraging.

(1) ON THE DESERT: With a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt. By Henry M. Field, D. D. 8vo, pp. 330, \$2.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



THE original of Paul Dombey, it is said, was found in the child of one of Dickens' sisters, who, however, escaped little Paul's fate, and is now the musical Mrs. Burnett.

JOHN BRIGHT's speeches have two distinctive and very pleasant peculiarities, in many allusions to children and constant quotation from English poets, especially Byron and Milton.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has gone to Beverly Farms for the summer, and announces privately that poetry is out of season, and that he is living on a strict mental diet of prose.

BRONSON ALCOTT is gaining rather than losing strength, and there is now a slight hope that he may recover sufficiently to be present at the later meetings of the Concord School of Philosophy.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER, who has shown considerable taste and skill in painting, is studying with a distinguished artist with as much energy as if that and not poetry were her vocation.

THE Lady Godiva will be honored once more on the first Monday in August in the English town of Coventry, where there will be a procession like the one of six years ago, which revived the memory of her who

—“Took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.”

THE latest bound volume of *The Century*, November to April, 1882-83, needs no recommendation to the reader. It is almost an essential in keeping pace with the growth of American art and literature, and binding and make-up are in harmony with the contents. The beautiful portrait of Emerson, by Cole, is one of its strongest attractions.

"REMINISCENCES OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, THE ACTRESS AND WOMAN," will shortly be published by the author, Joseph O. Lunt, of Boston. It is expected that the work will be a great addition to histrionic literature. It will contain many incidents in the life of Miss Cushman never before published, the author having spent six years' labor on the work.

MUCH poetry of the day is really what might be excellent prose, seriously hampered by the poetic form, and under this head must come "An Idyl of the War: The German Exiles and Other Poems," by Elwood L. Kemp, M. A. The author's poetic conception is fairly good. The thought of the poems is manly and earnest, but the verse is often rough and the words chosen harsh and unmusical. (16mo, pp. 167, \$1.00; John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia).

THERE is no verse-writer who has made herself a warmer place in the hearts of many readers than Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, whose little volume, entitled "Cartoons," has passed through several editions, and is likely to remain a permanent favorite. Her poems have the introspective character which marks the work of almost every woman-poet, but they are full of tender, delicate thought and the deepest religious spirit, and there are passages indicating a more sustained power sufficient for broader work to come. (16mo, pp. 240, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers).

THE first number of the series announced by G. P. Put-

nam's Sons under the title of "Topics of the Time," edited by Titus Munson Coan, has appeared. "Social Problems" includes eight essays from different sources, the final one, copied from the *Edinburg Review*, entitled "The Nationalization of the Land," being one that will excite the most interest, as it is the reply to Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty;" and "A Politician in Trouble About His Soul," by Auberon Herbert, ranks next. Six other articles make up the volume, which is carefully printed on good paper, the type being larger than that usually employed in the cheap editions. (Paper, pp. 281, 25 cents).

NATURAL methods of curing disease are becoming more and more popular. The era of calomel and heavy drugs in general is over for almost all communities where common sense prevails, and the patient is taught to cure himself, providing always he understands or can be made to understand such possibility. To consumptives or weak-chested people the little manual, "Deep Breathing," will come as another natural and well-tested method of dealing with their weaknesses. Written by the Marquise A. Ciccolina from a personal experience, first in her own case and then in hundreds of others, there is unquestionable testimony as to its efficacy and virtue. The translation is made by Mr. Edgar S. Werner, an authority on the voice and its culture. (12mo, pp. 48, 50 cents; M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York).

"A MERE CAPRICE," by Mary Healy, is one of the realistic studies of the day, another "dissection of unhealth," as Ruskin has put it. It attracted wide attention at its first appearance—a year and more ago—and justly, its execution showing some powerful qualities. But the analysis of heartless lives hiding under a silken surface—actual brutality of thought and feeling—is too miserable a picture to be looked upon with satisfaction, no matter how faithful the rendering. Poor little Marca, the victim of a great lady's "mere caprice," cast off like an old glove when she ceases to satisfy, is a delicate and lovely creation, but the story through which she moves is an evil one, and the impression it leaves hopelessly sad and depressing. May the author use her undeniable power in a more agreeable direction. (18mo, pp. 263, \$1.00; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago).

It is an eighth edition of "Labor and Capital," by the late Edward Kellogg, that is issued in cheap form by the John W. Lovell Publishing Co., and it is quite as well worth reading in its present form as at its first appearance in a broadside sheet in 1848. At that date Mr. Kellogg was a rich and prosperous merchant in New York, and an ardent student of practical political economy. He foresaw many phases of our financial history, and anticipated many steps since adopted by the government. If the system elaborated by Mr. Kellogg had been fully, instead of partially, adopted by Congress, the various steps which have been taken in the application of his theory would all have been anticipated. Mr. Kellogg believed that the Government of the United States should issue all money or currency that should be allowed to go into circulation. The present United States Treasury note is a partial exemplification of this plan. The whole work has such an important bearing upon the financial and political state of the country to-day, that the publishers are justified in issuing it in a cheap form, thus placing it within the reach of all who are interested in the industrial problem. (Pp. 374, 20 cents).

A NEW YORKER who has been visiting Mr. Whittier at Danvers, writes to a friend some details of the poet's modes of life that are of interest to his many lovers: "Mr. Whittier usually leaves Boston for Amesbury about the first of April, and then retires to Danvers for the summer. His country home is about a mile from the railroad station. I found the poet in a small room retired from the main part of the house and surrounded by his books and

papers. His tall form is slightly bowed with age, but he retains all his old-time courtesy to strangers. He alluded to his correspondence, which was so large as to make irksome drafts upon his time and patience. 'Since Longfellow and Emerson died,' said he, 'Dr. Holmes and I have received much of their fugitive correspondence, which, added to our own, sometimes proves a serious burden. I receive letters daily from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., from misses in their teens to boys in college. They send me their verses with a request that I attend to the publication, and remit them the proceeds from time to time. The most, however, under various disguises, entreat my autograph, a request I should grant more willingly if I knew them. As to my health I cannot complain; I have never been able to do protracted work, owing to severe neuralgic pains in the head, from which I have suffered since I was a boy. Unfortunately I have promised considerable work to the publishers, and this promise, unperformed, weighs like an incubus upon my spirits.'

THE novels of the "Leisure Hour Series" succeed one another with such speed that the reader would be a little daunted did not their uniform excellence make their enjoyment a certainty. "No New Thing," by W. E. Norris, has all the characteristics the author of "Matrimony" has taught us to expect—sharply-defined characters, conversations that are always natural and often delightful, a fine sense of proportion and a fairly constructed plot. In the present case, Margaret, the heroine, a young widow, beloved by Hugh Kenyon, her husband's friend, ceases at last to be interesting, her obtuseness, natural as it is, being even worse than that of Amelia in "Vanity Fair." Colonel Kenyon suggests both Dobbin and Colonel Newcome; in fact, there is a constant reminder of Thackeray, though it is Thackeray's cynicism minus the humor that made it tolerable. Philip Marescalchi, Margaret's adopted son, who is the centre of innumerable complications, is admirably given, his mixed nature making sorrow from beginning to end for all who love him, while retribution for his luxurious, beauty-loving soul is found in a wife much his elder, who governs him like a child, though the discipline is tempered by a very honest affection. But, as a whole, the sense of dust and ashes predominates. The book is too true—too full of the shadowy side of life—and should be read only by happy people, who can better afford to be discouraged than the majority, who will be saddened by it. (16mo, pp. 441, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York).

NEW BOOKS.

THE READING OF BOOKS, Its Pleasures, Profits and Perils. By Charles F. Thwing. 16mo, pp. 170, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard.

GERMANY SEEN WITHOUT SPECTACLES, or Random Sketches of Various Subjects Penned from Different Standpoints in the Empire. By Henry Ruggles. 8vo, pp. 246, \$2.00. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A TRAGEDY IN THE IMPERIAL HAREM AT CONSTANTINOPLE. By Lella Hanoum. Translated from the French with Notes. By General R. E. Colston. 16mo, pp. 299, \$1.00. Williams S. Gottsberger, New York.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. By the Comte de Paris. Vol. III, 8vo, pp. 922, \$3.50. Porter & Costes, Philadelphia.

HAWTHORNE'S WORKS. Riverside Edition. Vols. XI and XII, 12mo, pp. 520, 569, \$2.00 each. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections with Critical Introductions. By Various Writers and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M. A. Students' Edition. 4 vols, 12mo, \$4.00. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

CHRISTINE. Translated from the French of Louis Enault. By Elizabeth W. Pendleton. "Leisure Hour Series," No. 142. 16mo, pp. 246, \$1.00. Henry Holt & Co.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY. Collected and edited by Charles A. Dana. A New Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged. With Illustrations, 8vo, pp. 862, \$5.00. D. Appleton & Co.

FROM GETTYSBURG TO THE RAPIDAN. The Army of the Potomac. July, 1863, to April, 1864. By Andrew A. Humphreys. 12mo, pp. 86, 75 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons.



The following rules will govern correspondence designed for this department, and readers are cordially invited to contribute either questions or answers, always bearing in mind the fact that, while a score of communications may be received, only one can ordinarily be published:

- 1—Letters designed for it should be distinctly marked with an interrogation point above the address upon the envelope in which they are sent.
- 2—The full name and address of the writer must accompany each inquiry; not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.
- 3—Each inquiry must be written on a separate piece of paper.
- 4—In answering inquiries always refer to the *number* of the query, and *not* to the number or page of the magazine.
- 5—Answers may be by members of the editorial staff or from other sources, in which latter case the initials, name or *nom de plume* of the author will be affixed.
- 6—Under *answers* the bracketed figures refer to the number of the original question.

Answers.

8—[1] The following was received too late for publication in connection with the original answer to the question as to the liability of the United States Government to be sued for debt. It is so interesting in the way of personal reminiscence that we are justified in recurring to the subject.

"Some years ago it was held by the legal officers of the United States that the government could not be sued for debt, but there being no law under which that opinion could be maintained, it was determined to make a test case of the first that should arise. This happened to occur in connection with the official duties of my late father, Pay-Director (then styled Purser) McKean Buchanan. At the expiration of a three years' cruise in the old frigate Congress, the ship put in at Norfolk, Va. Six sailors went on shore, and, after getting in debt to their boarding-house keeper, cleared out, and wrote to my father to forward their pay. In the meantime the boarding-house keeper had attached the money in his hands. Here, then, arose the case the government had long desired. Pay-Director Buchanan wrote to the Navy Department for instructions, and (doubtless after a consultation between the Secretary of the Navy and the Attorney-General) was instructed to pay the money to the men, and notified that the district attorney had been directed to defend him in the suit. Upon being called before the court, Pay-Director Buchanan was asked the question, 'Do you hold in your hands any moneys belonging to the plaintiffs?' To which, much to the surprise of every one, he promptly replied 'No,' but explained his meaning by adding: 'I hold government money in my hands, and the government owes these men; but it is not the men's money until it is paid out to them.' However this view of the question may have been regarded, the case was decided against him, and then appealed to the higher court, where the former decision was affirmed. The case was appealed a second time, and came before the Supreme Court of the United States.

"The matter had been dragging on for some years, my father in the meantime paying but little or no attention to the case, performing his official duties in whatever part of the country his orders might take him. He was subse-

quently told that under the Virginia law he could have been imprisoned on account of the adverse decision of the state court, but that this being a test case the law would never have been enforced.

"The case before the Supreme Court bears the title, 'McKean Buchanan, plaintiff in error, *vs.* James Alexander,' and was in 1846 decided in favor of the plaintiff in error, thus reversing the former decisions.

"The reason for this opinion I have often heard my father give in these words: 'The wheels of the government could be stopped,' agreeing with the decision of the court, delivered by Mr. Justice McLean, as follows: 'If the creditors of these seamen may by a process of attachment direct the public money from its legitimate and appropriate object, the same thing may be done as regards the pay of officers and men of the army and navy; and also in any other case where the public funds may be placed in the hands of an agent for disbursement. To state such a principle would be to refute it. No government can sanction it. At all times it would be found embarrassing, and under some circumstances it might be fatal to the public service. The funds of the government are specifically appropriated to certain national objects, and if such appropriations may be diverted and defeated by state process or otherwise, the functions of the government may be suspended.'

ROBERDEAU BUCHANAN."

Georgetown, D. C.

9—[4] Here is an old version of the lines on "Time," which I have always regarded as the correct one:

"Time was—thou canst not it recall;
Time is—employ the portion small;
Time future—is not, and may never be;
Time present—is the only time for thee!"—GRAY.

10—[40] "Thomas" has, as we supposed he would, called down upon his head the scoffs of numerous correspondents. The general opinion seems to be that an edition of Hood's poems with "The Haunted House" left out would, if it could be found, command a high price as a curio. Some of the editions named as containing it are Routledge's, Putnam's Sons, Hunt & Co.'s, J. W. Lovell's, Vol. 13 of "Little Classics," etc., etc. "Thomas" evinced carelessness likewise in his quotation, "I would I were by that dim lake." Several correspondents refer to "Moore's Irish Melodies," and give the four opening lines of the poem mentioned by Poe:

"I wish I were by that dim lake
When sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half way lie
In death's cold shadow ere they die."

One correspondent adds that neither of the poems seems to merit the high encomiums of Poe, unless read through "Poeish" spectacles. To Poe their weirdness would naturally seem commendable—*Similes similit gaudent*.

11—[45] The motion to reconsider, as used in the parliamentary practice of this country, is of strictly American origin. Except in legislative bodies where it is governed by special rules (*e. g.*, that it shall be made upon a particular day), this motion is considered in the same light as any other, subject to rule that it shall be made by a member who voted with the majority. But it is not required that the seconder of the motion shall have also voted with the prevailing party.

Wapakoneta.

GEORGE R. DAVIS.

12—[41] Both A and B are wrong as to the meaning implied in "The cry is still they come." Both are laboring under the impression that "still" signifies quiet, or ceased, when in reality it means *yet*—

"The cry (has been and) is still," etc.

The scene is one of intense excitement, and, as might be supposed, the besiegers (every one of whom has an equal

interest in the result of the conflict) would not, at any time, raise a cry. With Macbeth's soldiers it is different. Part of them are pressed and part are bought. They are only anxious about their own lives; they have no cause in common with any one else. They are the ones most apt to raise a cry, and, having raised it, most unlikely to cease it. The following are the readings of the passage according to the various texts to which I have had access:

The cry is still "They come;"—The Avon Edition.

The cry is still, "They come;"—Chandos Classic Edition.

The cry is still, "They come;"—American Standard Edition, by Knight and others.

The cry is still "They come;"—William George Clark and William Aldis Wright.

The cry is still, *They come*.—George Steevens or Stevens; Johnson and Steevens.

The cry is still, *They come*.—Howard Staunton.

The cry is still, "They come;"—Charles Knight.

These—all that I have seen—agree with my statement above.
TIMOTEY HAY.

Questions.

[Continued from No. 72.]

46—CAN you account for the popular prejudice in some quarters against the pretty feminine name of Bridget? I have even read a story in which one of the characters bears this name, but carefully conceals the fact, being apparently ashamed to have it known.

R. S. S.

The popularity of the name among the Irish is enough to account for its unpopularity in this country. The name has come to have a general meaning. Thus it has been said, "The Roman Church is supported by a tax on Bridget's wages," meaning that its revenues are drawn from the wages of Irish servant-girls in general. So many awkward, ignorant girls have borne the name that it has come to be very generally associated with awkwardness, notwithstanding the fact that there are thousands of Bridgets, Irish and otherwise, in these United States who deserve only praise and admiration. The popularity of the name is due, no doubt, to that of Ireland's patron saint, Bridget of Kildare, who may be fairly said to divide the honors with her brother Patrick. St. Bridget, daughter to one of the princes of Ulster, lived during the sixth century, and her cell, the first in Ireland, was established under an oak—Kil-dara, the cell of the Oak. She is supposed to be identical with the St. Bride of England, by whom the Knights Templar used to swear. There is also a St. Bridget of Sweden, who was born in 1302, died at Rome in 1373, and was canonized in 1391. An "Order of St. Bridget" flourished for many years in Europe. Bridget is an honorable name, and no one who bears it need have any fears of being disgraced by its possession. It is far more probable that she will not worthily perpetuate the memory of the original Bridgets.

47—WHAT a sharp-sighted public it is, to be sure! Here is a correspondent asking about the date of the Battle of Worcester, as given by the author of "A Southern Statesman," in a recent number of THE CONTINENT, and almost at the same time comes the following letter, than which there can hardly be a better answer:

I, who have the honor to address you, read in a recent number of THE CONTINENT a delightful sketch of Alexander H. Stephens, which, charming as it was, contained an anachronism so glaring that it must have escaped your notice by the merest accident. Nor can I believe that the writer of the article erred through ignorance; it must have been a slip of the pen which caused him to write that the Battle of Worcester took place in 1745, and was the last fight made by the Stuart dynasty. Surely no battle has been more celebrated in song and story than the Battle of Worcester, Cromwell's great victory over the Scotch army, after which Charles II made his romantic escape from England, on which occasion he was hidden all day in the King's Oak. It was fought in 1651. Doubtless the author referred to the equally famous battle of Culloden, which actually took place in 1746, where the Pretender was defeated. Every school-

boy—every ordinary one, that is—is familiar with the poem beginning, "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day," in which Campbell describes this famous conflict, and laments the fate of the brave and unfortunate Scottish Jacobites. Many historical events are no more than names and dates to us, and are easily forgotten; but when the page of history is illuminated by the hand of genius it is not so with us. The author of the "Fool's Errand" has himself contributed not a little to fix certain well-known facts in the public memory, and cannot, I fancy, be indifferent to this plea for accuracy from an unknown correspondent.
F. H.

48—WILL you please answer through THE CONTINENT, giving the meaning and proper pronunciation of the word "dude," and oblige many readers of THE CONTINENT?
WARREN.

The word in question affords a singular instance of the rapidity with which changes occur in the popular language of the day. In No. 60 of THE CONTINENT, shortly after the word made its appearance in New York, the class to which it was most appropriately applied was somewhat minutely described and commented upon. Its original meaning has since then been lost through its indiscriminate application to elaborately-dressed individuals, no matter what their moral type may be. As generally used now, the "dude" is simply a dandy. The ordinarily well-dressed man of the East, or of the large cities, is very apt to hear himself hailed as a "dude" in remote rural districts or at the "West," wherever that may be. This is rather a pity, for it admirably fitted the real article as he appeared in New York, but it is not by any means so appropriate to the mere commonplace dandy. "Dude" is popularly pronounced in one syllable, with the *u* long. Its derivative meaning is purely guess-work.

49—IT is evident from letters that all readers do not see our prices for binding THE CONTINENT, so we comply with several requests and publish them herewith, premising that the bound volumes are always kept on hand:

Vol. I.—Cloth, 60 cents; half-roan, 90 cents; half-morocco, \$1.20.

Vols. II and III.—Cloth, \$1.00; half-roan, \$1.50; half-morocco, \$2.00.

50—WILL the Editor please give a reader the address of two or three of the best schools for young ladies within two hundred miles of Philadelphia?
I. N.

We cannot undertake to advise in such a matter as this, not knowing the tastes, temperament or talents of the girl or girls in question. The September opening of the schools will shortly be advertised very widely, and the way will be first to make selections at a venture, and then make inquiries concerning the schools thus selected. Pinkney's School Agency, of 851 Broadway, New York, publishes a full list.

51—HAS the condition imposed by Stephen Girard upon the Trustees of Girard College, in regard to the employment of clergymen and their visits to the college, been faithfully observed from its organization?
L. R.

In general terms, Yes. In some instances, clergymen who have withdrawn from the profession have become members of the college faculty, and occasionally clergymen *incognito* have visited the institution. Otherwise the provisions of the will have been observed, and the following is printed on every visitor's pass issued.

"EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

"There are, however, some restrictions, which I consider it my duty to prescribe, and to be, amongst others, conditions on which my bequest for said College is made and to be enjoyed, namely, . . . Secondly, I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister, of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said College. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any

sect or person whatsoever; but, as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion amongst them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans who are to derive advantage from this bequest free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce. My desire is that all the instructors and teachers in the College shall take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

May 30.—The usual parades in honor of Decoration Day took place all over the country, those in New York, Brooklyn and Washington being especially elaborate. The President reviewed the procession in New York.—A peculiarly distressing accident occurred on the East River Bridge, N. Y., where a number of people were crushed to death during a panic which took place at a flight of steps near the New York side.—The coronation festivities continued through the week at Moscow, and no disturbance was made by the Nihilists.

May 31.—The Board of Overseers of Harvard College refused, after an exciting debate, to confer the usual complimentary degree on Governor Butler.—Despatches were received at Washington to the effect that treaty ratifications with Corea had been exchanged at the Korean capital. This is the first treaty between Corea and a Western power.

[See *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. CXXIX. p. 168; *U. S. Catholic Magazine*, Vol. VII, pp. 421, 462; *Chambers' Journal*, LVII, p. 598.]

The New York State Civil Service Commission organized at Albany, with Silas W. Burt as chief examiner, and John Jay as president.—A Free-Trade conference met at Detroit, with David A. Wells as president.

[See *Contemporary Review*, Vol. XXXVIII, p. 55.]

During the month the public debt of the United States was reduced \$4,890,476.60.

[See current numbers *Bankers' Magazine*.]

June 1.—A severe rain-storm and flood occurred at Council Bluffs, Iowa, sweeping away seven iron bridges and damaging property to a large extent.—The so-called dynamite conspirators were arraigned in London for treason felony, and a special court was constituted to try them.—Governor Cleveland, of N. Y., signed the N. Y. City Aqueduct bill, authorizing measures for an additional water supply.

[See *Scribner*, Vol. XIV, p. 161; *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. II, p. 26; *Quarterly Review*, Vol. LXXIII, p. 281.]

June 2.—Thomas Caffrey, the fourth of the Phoenix Park murderers, was hung in Dublin.

June 4.—Columbia College voted, through its trustees, to adopt a plan for the education of women similar to that of the Harvard Annex.—A railway from Jersey City to Newburg—being a section of the New York, Buffalo and West Shore Railway—was opened. Its course is along the west bank of the Hudson, under the Palisades.—It was announced in the British House of Commons that no move would be made toward opening negotiations with the United States on the subject of the *Alabama* surplus.—News from Tonquin confirms the report of the French defeat, and points still more positively to active warfare.—A permanent organization of Ohio Republicans was effected by the election of John Sherman as chairman, and the nomination of John B. Foraker as Governor.—In Iowa the Democrats nominated L. G. Krime for Governor.

June 7.—The U. S. double-turreted monitor *Amphitrite* was launched at Wilmington, Del.—Charles C. Fulton, editor and proprietor of the *Baltimore American*, died, aged sixty-seven years.—Notice has been given to Minister Wallace, at Constantinople, that the commercial treaty between Turkey and the United States must terminate on March 13, 1884.—Greater liberty in regard to change of domicile has been ordered for the Russian peasantry, and the oppressive poll-tax will be suspended after January 1st, *proximo*.

June 8.—Summary justice was dealt out by a mob in the case of the Barber brothers, a couple of young men who, emulous of

following in the footsteps of Jesse James, had committed several murders. They were only captured after a desperate resistance, in which four men were either killed or wounded. The mob took them out of jail and hanged them on a tree, they remaining defiant to the last.—Kelly, the fifth and last of the Phoenix Park murderers, was hanged in Dublin.—War has broken out between the Turks and the Albanians.

June 9.—A score of Arabi Pasha's men were convicted of complicity in the burning of Alexandria at the time of the bombardment, and two of them were hanged. Much indignation thereat was expressed in the British House of Commons, and an attempt was made to force the Government to interfere.—Mr. Dorsheimer was made president of the Niagara Falls Park Commission in New York. A resolution was adopted taking a strip of land from the head of the rapids to and including Prospect Park. This, with all the islands, is to be devoted to public purposes.

[See "Niagara and Other Famous Cataracts." New York, A. C. Armstrong & Co.]

June 10.—Chester W. Chapin, a prominent railroad official, died in Springfield, Mass.

June 11.—A bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, passed its second reading in the British House of Lords by a vote of 165 to 158.

June 12.—Official information was received of the complete success of General Crook's expedition against the Apaches in Mexico. He had not been heard from for six weeks, but in all that time did not lose a man, though he captured several hundred Indians and a large amount of plunder.

June 13.—Criminal reports, as a general thing, need not be looked for in this column, but the fatal shooting of N. L. Dukes by James Nutt merits notice. Last winter Nutt's father was killed by Dukes, then a member of the State Legislature. Dukes had declared himself the seducer of Nutt's daughter. The jury acquitted Dukes, to the great indignation of the whole town. The jurors and Dukes himself were practically driven from the community. At last Dukes returned, and meeting young Nutt in the street, is said to have laughed in his face. Nutt appears to have deliberately armed himself, and taken upon himself the responsibility of avenging his father's murder and his sister's dishonor. He was at once arrested, and is held for trial.—A great meeting was held at Birmingham, England, to commemorate the public services of John Bright.

[See "Bright's Speeches," London, 1868, and Boston, 1865; also, "Life of John Bright," New York, 1868.]

Four of the six dynamite conspirators were convicted in London. Ansburch and Bernard Gallagher were acquitted. Penal servitude for life was the sentence of the convicts.—Charles Jenkins was nominated for Governor of Ohio by the Greenback interest.

June 14.—The jury in the Star Route cases brought in a verdict of not guilty.—E. H. Rollins was nominated for the U. S. Senate by the Republicans of New Hampshire.

June 15.—Eugene Casserly, lately U. S. Senator from California, died in San Francisco, aged sixty-one years.

June 17.—A salutary panic, resulting in the ruin of sundry speculators, took place in the Chicago lard market.—In the town of Sunderland, England, a calamity not unlike that on the East River Bridge took place, resulting in the crushing to death of two hundred and two children, who were seized with a panic while leaving a public hall, where they had been attending an entertainment.

June 20.—The Right Rev. John William Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal, South Africa, died, aged sixty-nine years. He was a voluminous author on theological subjects, and published a work on the Pentateuch which was deemed so heretical that he was temporarily deposed from his see.

[See his works, published in New York, 1863.]

June 21.—Judge Hoadly was nominated for the Governorship of Ohio by the Democrats.

June 25.—The seventieth birthday of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was celebrated with great popular enthusiasm in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

June 27.—Governor Butler accepted an invitation to attend the Harvard Commencement, and made a capital speech, which won him much applause.

